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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO JULIA.

[WRITTEN FOR HER ALBUM.]

Julia! I have gull'd for thee some simple little flowers
That grew in wild luxuriance in fancy's blooming bowers,
And I have wreathed them in the braid that love and friendship weaves,
To offer at their favourite shrine upon these virgin leaves.

Oh, Julia! wilt thou take the flowers that friendship's hand hath brought?
There is no beauty in their folds, with fragrance they're not fraught,
To those poor ones whose frigid souls know not affection's powers,
But friendship casts its golden hue upon such offered flowers.

There's piety, that amaranth, whose fresh unfading bloom
Will warmer blush and brighter glow in realms beyond the tomb;
And there's the green "*Forget me not*," the motto of the heart,
That falls so warm and fervently when love or friendship part.

Oh, Julia! wilt thou cherish them? and in thy gentle mind,
Say—wilt thou give to him a place, this artless wreath who twin'd?
Oh yes! I know thou'lt cherish them so fondly from all ill,
That Time may bring his winter round, but shall feel no chill.

Aye—Time may wend his silent course towards "the gulf of things,"
We would not check him in his flight or ally load his wings,
For friendship blossoms spite of time, in the warm beams of truth,
And when death nips life's fragile buds, 'twill bloom in heavenly youth! W.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS,

On the approach of Winter.

Farewell, farewell to the world we love,
The spirit that blights is near;
His white mist gathers o'er lake and grove,
And his breath is on the air.
The bloom of our life is fading away,
And our pale leaves around us fall;
The voice of Winter we must obey,
Tho' death is in his call.

Farewell, farewell to the cheerless earth,
Until Spring shall adorn the plain;
Oh! in joy ye will hail our happy birth,
When in beauty we bloom again.
When the honey bee sips our earliest sweets,
When the dew on our petals shine,
When the merry birds their songs repeat,
And the May wreath maidens twine.

The cold breath is on us, fare thee well,
We are withering fast away;
Nor maiden's sigh, nor magic spell,
Our presence here can stay—
We die, we die, let beauty mark
Our lives, and this lesson prove,
Tho' the winter of life may be chill and dark,
There's a Spring that ne'er fades above.

SELIM.

LINES.

At the close of the day how delightful to gaze
On the sun as she sinks in the west,
To know that again in the morn she will rise,
In her pride from the realms of the blest.

And to think that like her, when Life's current is run,
The soul will ascend to the skies,
And be pure to our maker as the rays of that sun,
That is sure on to-morrow to rise.

Oh! give me such thoughts in Life's closing scene,
To silence all doubts in my breast,
Then death at the moment will be as a dream,
Lost awaking the soul from its rest.

SYLVAN.

LINES

On the premature death of I. H. L.

Life, what a tawdry bubble 'tis,
How vain—and yet how sweet;
Its keenest pang, its tend'rest bliss,
Like consummation meet.

Up from the cradle to the tomb,
Is but a span at most—
A day of intermingled gloom,
In all that we can boast.

Sporting along life's gaily scene,
We urge towards its brink,
A chilling mist swells from within,
We breathe it, gasp and sink. S. B. I.

AUTUMN.

How beautiful is a moonlight Autumn eve,
When the tall pines upon the distant hills
Sigh in the northern breeze as tho' they mourn'd
O'er faded Summer, and the closing year.
The lofty monarch of the mountain woods
Still bows his branches to the blast, and stands
Sublime in solitude as he hath stood
Two centuries gone by. The fading forest
Tinged by the Autumn sun with mellow brown,
Seems like a waving sea of glitt'ring gold
As slow it bends beneath the silent moonbeams;
All Heaven's blue concave glitters too with lamps,
Those minor lamps of light around the moon,
That shines the silver chandelier of Heaven.
The sleeping surface of the lucid lake
Is calm as beauty's bosom when she dreams
Of hope's hallucinations, and beneath
Its wayeless waters may be seen the skies
In beautiful reflection, even as radiant
As the bright heaven of hope in beauty's vision.
The rustling leaves that in the moonshine lie,
Do seem to speak as audibly of time,
As time's own trumpet tongue, and seem to say,
Thus perish all the noblest works of man.
O thou magnificent night, thou art not silent,
Thou whisperest strange mysterious things to man,
And with a voice of thunder dost proclaim
To skeptic man his immortality.
But thou seem'st silent, and no sound is heard
Save the lone screech-owl's melancholy voice,
Who sitt'st the livelong night the sole spectator
Of all this world of brilliance and of beauty;
When seated thus surrounded by the night
And majesty of Nature's works, I feel
That there's divinity in every thing
That calls for adoration. See yon balls
Of liquid light that thro' the concave roll,
What moves them on?—the finger of a God.
Call it attraction, gravity or heat,
Still 'tis the finger of a God who first
Gave impulse to them and still bids them roll
To light the universe and warm creation;
'Twas He who taught the sun to gild yon woods
With burnish'd gold and made the blushing bud
To unfold its luscious fruit—the sprouting corn
To yield abundance for the laborer's toil,
And gave to Nature all those lovely charms,
Of which I feebly sing. MILFORD BARD.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?—Pope.

The desire of gain is one of the most predominant passions of man. It incites him to follow every occupation by which he may obtain it, and becomes at length so strong that it degenerates into avarice.

For it, he traverses sea and land, penetrates into the most secret and hidden recesses of the earth, and suffers himself to be borne in his frail vessel, over the agitated and tempestuous ocean. In fine, he sacrifices almost every other enjoyment to that grand object of his pursuit—various are the means he makes use of, and numerous the privations he undergoes to acquire it—not satisfied with the wealth which his own industry would secure to him, he must explore the deeply buried mine, and "dig the mineral from the vaulted earth"—his insatiate appetite knows no bounds. Thus continuing to seek for wealth, and regardless of every thing else, he resembles the miser, whose life is but one unvaried scene of cares and anxieties—whose views extend not beyond the grave. Can there be a more despicable creature in existence than the miser? Where is the man more wholly lost to all sense of an hereafter, than he who is constantly occupied in search of yellow dirt?

The miser seldom enjoys one moment of happiness. Dazzled by the immense treasures he possesses, his only thoughts are bent on adding new stores to them. In the shrunken, emaciated form of the votary of avarice, we observe the mournful effects of a blind obedience to the sway of an unbridled and detestable vice. In hoarding up riches, the miser's heart is steeled to every ennobling emotion. He is a stranger to all the tender feelings and sympathies of our nature—he views with unconcern, a fellow-citizen pining in want, and deprived of the common necessaries of life—the widow's sigh and the orphan's tear alike affect not his obdurate heart. On the contrary, he would not scruple to practice every species of deception, in order to enrich himself and fill his coffers.

It is most sincerely to be hoped, that there are but few misers in existence; but the picture I have drawn only shows to what a height the desire of gain may be carried, when not regulated within proper bounds, and there can be, certainly, no vice more baneful to society, or more degrading to human nature than avarice. CARLOS.

"HAVE I COME TO THIS?"

How painful must be the reflections of a young man who has enjoyed the privileges of society, moral instructions, and faithful admonition, to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crimes, while comparing his advantages with his present circumstances. Indeed he may well say, "*have I come to this?*"

This is not altogether an imaginary case. It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our State Penitentiaries. Among the number was a young man of about the age of 24 years, of good appearance, and well dressed. On going into the prison he involuntarily exclaimed, "*Have I come to this?*—Alas! too late to avoid the punishment justly due him for his crimes.—What instructions such a scene, and such language are calculated to afford to youth. It should teach them to obey the first command with promise; to honor their parents; to avoid vain company; in a word to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. And to a parent who possesses a deep interest in the welfare of a son just entering upon the scenes of active life; who knows the evil propensities of the natural heart, and the exposedness of youth to the snares of the world, a scene like this must occasion a degree of anxious solicitude, lest on some future day he may have occasion to hear from that son the melancholy reflection, "*Have I come to this?*"

MISCELLANY.

NAPOLEON WHILE AT SCHOOL.

Nothing could be more suitable to the nature of young Buonaparte's genius, than the line of study which then fortunately was open before him. His ardour for the abstract sciences amounted to a passion, and was combined with a singular aptitude for applying them to the purposes of war, while his attention to pursuits so interesting and exhaustless in themselves, was stimulated by his natural ambition and desire of distinction. Almost all the scientific teachers at Brienne being accustomed to study the characters of their pupils, and obliged by their duty to make memoranda and occasional reports on the subject, spoke of the talents of Buonaparte, and the progress of his studies, with admiration. Circumstances of various kinds, exaggerated or invented, have been circulated concerning the youth of a person so remarkable. The following are given upon good authority.

The conduct of Napoleon among his companions, was that of a studious and reserved youth addicting himself deeply to the means of improvement, and rather avoiding than seeking the usual temptations to dissipation of time. He had few friends, and no intimates; yet at different times, when he chose to exert it, he exhibited considerable influence over his fellow students, and when there was any joint plan to be carried into effect, he was frequently chosen Dictator of the little republic.

In the time of winter, Buonaparte upon one occasion, engaged his companions in constructing a fortress out of the snow, regularly defended by ditches and bastions, according to the rules of fortification. It was considered as displaying the great powers of the juvenile engineer in the way of his profession, and was attacked and defended by the students, who divided into parties for the purpose, until the battle became so keen that their superiors thought it proper to proclaim a truce.

The young Buonaparte gave another instance of address and enterprize upon the following occasion. There was a fair held annually in the neighborhood of Brienne, where the pupils of the Military School used to find a day's amusement; but on account of a quarrel betwixt them and the country people upon a former occasion, or for some such cause, the masters of the Institution had directed that the students should not on the fair-day be permitted to go beyond their own precincts, which were surrounded with a wall. Under the direction of the young Corsican, however, the scholars had already laid a plot for securing their usual day's diversion. They had undermined the wall which encompassed their exercising ground, with so much skill and secrecy, that their operations remained entirely unknown till the morning of the fair, when a part of the boundary unexpectedly fell, and gave a free passage to the imprisoned students, of which they immediately took the advantage, by hurrying to the prohibited scene of amusement.

But although on these, and perhaps other occasions, Buonaparte displayed some of the frolic temper of youth, mixed with the inventive genius and the talent for commanding others by which he was distinguished in after-time, his life at school was in general that of a recluse and severe student, acquiring by his judgment, and treasuring in his memory, that wonderful process of almost unlimited combination; by means of which he was afterwards able to simplify the most difficult and complicated undertakings. His mathematical teacher was proud of the young islander, as the boast of his school, and his other scientific instructors had the same reason to be satisfied.

In languages Buonaparte was less a proficient, and never acquired the art of writing or spelling French, for less foreign languages, with accuracy or correctness; nor had the monks of Brienne any reason to pride themselves on the classical proficiency of their scholar. The full energies of his mind being devoted to the scientific pursuits of his profession, left little time or inclination for other studies.

Notwithstanding the external calmness and reserve of his deportment, he who was destined for such great things, had, while yet a student at Brienne, a full share of that ambition for distinction and dread of disgrace, that restless and irritating love of fame, which is the spur to extraordinary attempts. Sparkles of his keen temper sometimes showed themselves. On one occasion, a harsh superintendent imposed on the future Emperor, for some trifling fault, the disgrace of wearing a penitential dress, and being excluded from the table of the students, and obliged to eat his meal apart. His pride felt the indignity so severely that it brought on a severe nervous attack; to which, though otherwise of good constitution, he was subject upon occasions of extraordinary irritation. Father Petrault, the Professor of Mathematics, hastened to deliver his favourite pupil from the punishment by which he was so much affected.

CANTON IN CHINA.

Canton is a vast city, containing about 800,000 inhabitants, including those who live upon the water in boats. It stretches about five miles up the side of the river, and nearly three miles in the opposite direction. The houses are, in general small, and the streets crowded and very narrow, but well paved and clean. The appearance of business is astonishing. Within this vast place all is bustle, but the best order every where prevails. Many of the shops are handsome, and the hongs (or warehouses) of the Hong merchants are prodigious establishments. The city of Canton is enclosed by a strong wall, and the gates so well guarded, that though we gained access through several of them, we were obliged immediately to retire again. So far as we could see into the city within the walls, it appears that the streets and houses are much inferior to those of the suburbs. The factories belonging to the East India Company, and various other merchants, are buildings of great magnitude, though they are all confined within a space of not more than a quarter of a mile square, on the bank of the river.

How lamentable it is to see this immense city wholly given up to idolatry, and the most gross and ruinous superstitions! Temples of all sizes, every where presented themselves, devoted to their several idols. But very few persons are ever seen performing their devotions in these temples, which are more frequently employed as gambling houses, tailors' shops, and various other purposes. On the island of Haynan, and on the side of the river immediately opposite to Canton, is one of the most ancient and extensive temples in all China. It covers a vast plat of ground, and supports nearly one hundred priests. In one compartment, we saw twelve sacred hogs of great size, and fed and kept with the greatest care. Some of them, it is said, are seventy or eighty years old. It was in this temple that Lord Amherst was allowed to take up his residence; in one of the temples within the general enclosure, his chaplain was allowed to officiate, and the Chinese even removed the vast idols out of it during that time; here also, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. In the house of every Chinese, and in every shop, there is generally a compartment, or recess, fitted up, facing the entrance door, and furnished with all the apparatus necessary for their idolatrous worship, with candles and incense burning; and, in the evenings are seen at the door of almost every house, sticks with incense burning, in compliment to their gods. Some of the Chinese appear to be conscientious and diligent in the discharge of what they consider their religious duties, and are not unfrequently seen with their doors and windows open, exposed to the gaze of every one who may be passing by, performing their evening devotions, many times prostrating themselves before their idols, burning *sacred paper*, and letting off crackers, with which they imagine their gods to be highly pleased.

JORDAN.

The Jordan, the celebrated river of Palestine, the only considerable one in the country, rises in Mount Hermon, passes through lakes Mermon and Genesareth; then flowing almost due South, through an extensive plain, till passing to the east of Jericho it flows into the Dead Sea. Near Jericho, it is deep and very rapid, wider than the Tiber at Rome. Its length is about 150 miles. The banks are steep, about 15 feet high; so that it is difficult to bathe in it; which, however, curiosity or superstition impels almost every pilgrim to do; some vainly imagining it cleanses them from all sin.

"I had surveyed," says Chateaubriand, "the great rivers of America, with that pleasure which solitude and nature impart; I had visited the Tiber with enthusiasm, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and Cephissus, but I cannot express what I felt at the sight of the Jordan.—Not only did this river remind me of a renowned antiquity, and one of the most celebrated names that the most exquisite poetry ever confided to the memory of man; but its shores likewise presented to my view the theatre of the miracles of my religion. Judea is the only country in the world that revives in the traveller the memory of human affairs and of celestial things, and which by this combination, produces in the soul a feeling, which no other region is capable of exciting"—*Worcester's Sketches.*

WRITING PENS.

The ancients were unacquainted with the fitness of quills for the purpose of writing. They chiefly employed tablets covered with wax, on which they engraved the characters with a metal style, and when they wrote with liquids on parchment or on the paper then manufactured from the Egyptian papyrus, they made use of reeds. It has been supposed that quills were made use of for writing as early as the fifth century; but the conjecture rests merely on an anecdote of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths; who being so illiterate that he could not write the initials of his name, was provided with a plate of gold, through which the letters were cut; and this being placed on the paper, when his signature was required, he traced the letters with a quill. The earliest certain accounts of the modern writing pens, dates no further back than 636; and the next occurs towards the latter end of the same century, in a Latin sonnet, to a Pen, composed by Adhelm, a Saxon author, and the first of his nation who wrote in that language.—After that period, however, there are numerous proofs of their having been very generally known; but they were so far from having at once superseded the use of reeds that persons well versed in manuscript affirm, that the latter were commonly used in the 8th century. Reeds, are still employed to write with by many of the eastern nations. We learn, from the voyages of Chardin, Tournefort, and others, that they are small hard canes, about the size of large swan quills, which they cut and slit in the same manner that we do quills, except that they give them a much longer nib. Had the ancients been acquainted with the art of employing quills for writing, they would probably have dedicated to Minerva not the owl, but the goose.

HERE WE THREE HAVE MET AGAIN.

Here we three have met again,
After years of hope and pain;
Since our parting, time has laid
Many a three in death's dark shade;
Many a widow's heart has sigh'd
Many an orphan's tear has dried.

Since the dream that boyhood gave,
We have toil'd on life's wide wave,
Wearily our oars we've plied,
In search of Fortune's tide,
Warring with each blast that blew,
Braving storms that dasher grew:
Cold and cheerless was the main,
But we three have met again!

Now that here we meet at last,
To recount the gales we've past;
Here, where life's first breath we drew,
Long lost pleasures we'll renew;
Here each scene shall claim a smile,
Friendship's warmth our age beguile;
And, where joys unmingled reign,
There may we three meet again!

THE PIRATE'S DEATH.

The wards of a hospital frequently present to our observation, pictures so strongly marked with the lineaments of human misery and degradation, that a reflecting mind cannot, however revolting the scene, contemplate it without a deep feeling of interest. The policy of exhibiting such pictures to the gaze of the public, is, nevertheless, questionable; for whatever has a tendency to render us familiar with vice, weakens the claims of virtue. Whenever we cease to behold the former without abhorrence, we may feel assured, that we are imperceptibly escaping from the dominion of the latter. Occasionally, however, it may be salutary to enter the abodes of disease and wretchedness, and by taking a single captive, and retracing the line of his transgressions, establish such beacons as may assist us in avoiding the rocks and quicksands which constantly beset the pilgrimage of life. In doing this, we shall generally find, that although the path of our existence may commence in prosperity, amid brightness and flowers, a departure from virtue invariably clouds and endangers its meridian, whilst crime, wretchedness, and degradation, are usually the inseparable companions of its close; and that however much infidelity, sustained by the speculations of genius and philosophy, may amuse in the hour of health and prosperity, yet when sickness wrings the brow, and death is about to take us from time to eternity, we are willing skeptics no longer, but fly, instinctively, to the consoling and triumphant promises of a divine revelation.

Those individuals of Cincinnati, who visited during the last summer, the Commercial Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of Ohio, will, perhaps, readily recognize in the following sketch, an inmate of that public charity. While wandering through the wards of this edifice at the period referred to, my attention was arrested by the emaciated figure of a man, apparently about twenty five years of age. His face presented a regularity of feature, and indicated a depth of mind, well calculated to elicit observation. It was peculiarly marked by some of the stronger and more ignoble feelings of our nature. As I entered his room, he raised his head, and gazed at me for a moment; a stifled groan escaped him; his frame seemed convulsed with deep emotion; his eyes gently sunk towards the floor, and he gradually relapsed into the condition in which I found him. I felt his room but could not leave his image behind me. In the course of a few days I saw him again. Subsequently I made him a third, fourth, and fifth visit. I engaged him in conversation, won upon his confidence, and in our last interview, received from him, with an air of earnestness which carried to my mind conviction of its truth, the history of his life. I give the substance only—the language and many little incidents I cannot repeat. To spare the feelings of some surviving relatives, I shall call him by a fictitious name.

Those pupils of Yale College, who were at that venerable institution in the years 1819, 20, and '21, will doubtless recollect a young Virginian, possessing fine talents, warm impulsive feelings, a fiery and ungovernable temper; an idler in his studies—relying upon the force of his genius, and a skeptic in religion. He was generally called by his messmates in College, "pious Hotspur." This appellation was the result of his religious principles, which, forcibly and plausibly maintained, were far from being orthodox. The influence of his father's opinions, together with the perusal of the infidel works of Paine and Voltaire, had early imbued his mind with so much skepticism upon that subject, that the ceaseless and assuasive admonitions of his pious mother, fell like the seed of the husbandman, among rocks and thorns.

Born in affluence, reared amid the sports of the field, and the allurements of a society, gay, fashionable and dissipated, Littleton was, even in early life, a devotee to all the idle follies, if not the lighter vices of his neighborhood. He returned from college more manly in his appearance, improved in his mind, polished in his manners and conversation, and with apparently less of the waywardness of youthful folly. He was destined by his father for the profession of the law, and his studies were commenced under the care of a distinguished barrister. The pages of Blackstone and of Coke were, however, often thrown by for the pleasure of the turf and the tavern. Again placed in the midst of fashionable life, he gave himself up to the fascinations and practices of his early associates.

A short distance from his native town there resided, in all the bloom of ripening womanhood one of his early female associates. Amid the richer tenants of the garden, we sometimes find a modest little flower, almost obscured by the more showy ones with which it is surrounded, but at the same time possessing a beauty and a fragrance of the loveliest and sweetest kind. To such a flower may be aptly compared, the gentle, but unfortunate Elizabeth. Of respectable parentage, without wealth, regularly educated in the bosom of her father's family, possessing fine mental endowments, with the most benevolent feelings, and the most unvarying serenity of disposition,—she was the acknowledged favorite of the few who knew her intimately, and who had learned to appreciate worth, when unconnected with wealth and fashion. These attractive qualities of the head and heart, and the beautiful form, and still more lovely face of Elizabeth, had strongly enchained the feelings of Littleton. Their attachment for each other was mutual, and had been formed in early youth; his absence seemed to have strengthened (at least on her part) the ties of affection. She loved his virtues and admired his talents. She knew but few of his foibles,—none of his vices. Within a twelve month, however, after his return from college, an incident occurred which passed over her young affections and bright hopes, as the whirlwind passes through the forest, marking its course with blight and desolation. In one of his nocturnal revels, a quarrel arose over the gaming table, between Littleton and an associate. Blood ensued, and in the heat of passion, Littleton drew his dirk, and stabbed his companion severely. He was arrested and thrown into prison, until it was ascertained that death was not likely to ensue. By this circumstance Elizabeth was awakened from her dreams of love and happiness. The page of Littleton's life, by the interposition of a friend, was spread before her. She was amazed and giddy with the thought of the precipice upon which she had been reposing. She saw him but once more. The struggle was violent, but their engagement was dissolved, and with a promptness of decision, equally indicative of firmness of soul, and purity of feeling, she gathered in her young affections, but with them the seeds of sorrow and affection.

Stung with disappointment and mortified pride, —almost discarded by his father, and partially discountenanced by society, Littleton now plunged still deeper into scenes of vice and dissipation. Harassed by debts, and deserted by those who had fawned upon him in prosperity, he clandestinely left the scenes of his childhood, and the companions of his dissipated habits. He crossed the mountains, descended the Ohio and Mississippi, making transitory visits at Cincinnati, Louisville, and Natchez, where, although wearing the exterior of a gentleman, and possessing that fascination which ever attends genius and attainments, he mixed only with vulgar and depraved company. In New Orleans he found himself surrounded by sharpers, and scenes of human depravity, to which those he had passed through were as nothing. His small stock of money was soon exhausted, his clothes in tatters, and the barriers between vice and virtue nearly broken down. If memory occasionally carried him back to his father's house,—to the fond embraces of a mother's holy love, or the ardent attachment of the pure and lovely Elizabeth, it served but to increase the horrors of remorse, or the impreentions of infidelity. In this situation he became acquainted with the commander of a piratical vessel, who, in disguise, was obtaining provisions for a cruise, and some additional companions, to share with him the spoils and the dangers of piracy. The idea of engaging in such a hazardous course of life, was at first a little revolting to Littleton, but the struggle was neither long nor severe; the still small voice of conscience was soon hushed; and recreant to all the ties of virtue, country and kindred, ere the lapse of two weeks, he found himself amid a band of the most lawless of marauders, on board of an armed piratical vessel, in the gulf of Mexico. The qualities possessed by Littleton were soon discovered by this desperate corps to be precisely those that fitted him admirably for the enterprizes in which they were engaged, and he was unanimously elected mate to the captain. The first vessel which they fell in with was a small English merchantman, called the Stork, bound to Jamaica. By hoisting false colors the vessels were laid side by side, and the captain of the Stork invited into the cabin of the Romney, where he was stabbed to the heart. At the same moment his vessel was boarded, and his unresisting crew, few in numbers, and totally unprepared for defence, were seized and put in confinement. The more valuable part of the cargo having been transferred to the Romney, Littleton proposed that the crew of the Stork should be liberated, and suffered to proceed to their place of destination. His proposition was promptly and firmly rejected, as fraught with danger to future success. The Stork was accordingly scuttled, and in a short time calmly sunk beneath the waves. As she went down a piercing shriek of supplication and despair from her crew, broke upon the stillness of the scene, and carried daggers to the bosom of Littleton. The body of the murdered captain was brought on deck, and plunged into the sea. His blood was washed from the cabin floor, the vessel righted, and in a few hours every thing was in readiness for another similar enterprize.

On the fifth day from this time, the Romney fell in with the packet ship Cleopatra, from New Orleans, bound for New York. This vessel was prepared for resistance. The fire of the Romney was returned, killing one of the pirates and wounding several others. A severe and bloody contest ensued, which continued until after sunset. The captain of the Romney, now ordered his boats to be prepared for boarding. The firing from the Cleopatra ceased before the boats reached her.—It was, however, but the calm which presages the coming on of the whirlwind. The crew of the boats were manfully met with swords, pistols and dirks. The pirates with their captain and Littleton, fought to desperation. One of the crew of the Cleopatra, presented his pistol at the breast of Littleton, but it flashed; the poinard of the latter was instantly planted in his breast, one deep groan succeeded, he reeled and as he fell overboard, the bright moon presented to Littleton, a face strongly resembling the father of his once loved Elizabeth. He again rushed to that part of the deck where the battle was fiercest. As he approached it, the contents of a pistol were lodged in the head of the captain, who fell lifeless, covered with wounds and blood. At this moment the awful cry of "the ship is on fire," put an end to the fearful strife. The pirates rushed to their boats and the crew of the Cleopatra to the extinguishment of the flames. Littleton, followed by a wounded companion, sprung into his boat, and was the first to clear the burning vessel. A light breeze having sprung up soon after sunset, the crew of the Romney, who had been left on board, resolved upon running off with her and dividing the spoil already acquired, among themselves. They had accordingly hoisted all sail; and before her boats had left the Cleopatra, she was nearly two miles distant. Littleton had but a single oar in his boat; his companion mortally wounded, was sinking under the loss of blood, and in attempting to rise, for the purpose of taking the helm, he tottered, fell overboard, and sunk. By this time, the fire, whether communicated by accident, or by some of the passengers, for the purpose of escaping a more horrible death, was beginning to show itself on deck and among the rigging. An immense column of black smoke towered like a pyramid in the moonlight depths of the sky, while fierce and brilliant streams of flame issued from the port holes and windows of the ship, casting a fearful glare upon the expanse of water around. On deck huddled together, stood amidst the dead and dying combatants, the surviving crew and passengers of the Cleopatra, including three or four females, one of whom, clasped to her bosom, with the fond despairing feeling of a mother's love, an infant child. Above the noise of the crackling flames, now and then could be heard the prayers and agonizing shrieks of this pitiable group.

"Then rose from sea to sky, the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave."

Some of the sailors, aware that there was on board a considerable quantity of powder, hastened to throw themselves into the sea with such articles of furniture, as they deemed most likely to preserve their lives.

Not far distant from this ocean volcano, lay the almost unmanageable boat of Littleton; himself apparently indifferent to his fate. One dreadful explosion, one long loud shriek was heard; ten thousand fragments of the burning vessel sparkled for a moment far up in the air! and all was silent, save the fierce hiss of the quenching flames, or when

"At intervals, there gushed
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Several pieces of the vessel fell close by the side of Littleton's boat, and in connection with one he discovered a living being. It was a female in the last struggles of suffocation. He seized the body and partly raised it from the water; the moon shone full and bright upon the face. It was the pale, emaciated, but still beautiful face of his once adored Elizabeth.—He gazed intensely upon it for an instant—his arms dropped palsied by his side, he reeled and fell prostrate in the boat; the almost lifeless body of the unfortunate girl, sank gently beneath the waves, and rose no more. The victim of an ardent attachment, for an unworthy object, he had sought in company with her friends, her fond father, a relief from disease and wretchedness, in the mild air of the South, to which she was now adding the additional advantage of a sea voyage.

Littleton lay that night in a state of insensibility. —The morning never dawned upon a more miserable being. He raised himself and looked around upon the wide waste of waters. His object either living or dead met his eye. In his reception the movement of the wildest convulsed his bosom; the boundless sky and water seemed to spread eternity before him; the bright sun, rising majestically from the ocean towards the high Heavens, recalled to his recollections of the outward light of the pure spirit of Elizabeth, which but a few hours before had gone on its course, to the regions of immortality. A wearisome calm overspread the deep throughout the day, and without the means for the strength to propel his boat, enhanced by the fatigue and agonized by the gnawings of his conscience, he lay in his moorings here until the succeeding day, when he was discovered by a vessel bound for New Orleans, whither she carried him. Friendless, penniless and unknown, he was here cast upon the charity of the world. Haunted, where'er penetrated, crossed, and over the lapse of several months, like the prodigal son, he set out in darkness, poverty and distress, for his father's house. By the aid of private charities he was enabled to reach this city, but in a state of the most exhaustion to proceed any further.

Such is substantially the history of the life of Littleton, as related to me upon our last interview. At that time he appeared calm, but without that heavenly serenity which marks the life memories of a virtuous man. There was a small pocket bible near his bed side, and he spoke with some anxiety, if not penitence, of his approaching dissolution—expressing a wish, to converse with a minister of the gospel. I called on the Rev. Mr. ——, who visited him twice before his death. As I approached the hospital some days afterwards, I observed the Hearse returning from "Potter's field"—It had just committed, to that city of the dead, the wasted body of the miserable Littleton. He sleeps among strangers, in an unknown grave

"And leaves a Cormir's name to other times,
Mixed with few virtues, and a thousand crimes."

From Blackwood's Magazine for Sept. we make the extract that follows. It is from an article entitled the Minister's Boat, or visits accompanied by a friend among his parishioners.—The extracts will speak for themselves:

We were just turning the corner of the lane to regain the high road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabrick of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion, endeavouring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom laboured. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, "He's come back! —the Lord be praised for it!"—

"Who is come back, Jenny?" said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy,—"is it little Andrew, ye mean?"

"Andrew!!!" echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favourite grand-child would have been very far from calling forth, "Andrew!!! Andrew's *father*, I mean my son first born, Jamie, that I were mourning for till they would wear nae langer, and thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture.—He's yonder!" said she, wildly pointing to the house; "he's yonder living, and living like; and o' gin ye wad come, and may be speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is his due."

We turned our horses' heads, and followed her, as she ran, or rather flew, towards the cottage with the instinct of some animal long separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned, ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, "Daddy's come hame frae the sea."

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son, on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-rid father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-mourned son. On a low stool before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipt and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye riveted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and a half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word "Daddy," from the childish prattle of his older brother Andrew, and his sisters. Of these, one had been summoned, wild and bare-legged, from the herding, the other, meek and modest, from the village school. The former, idle and intractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's strictness; the other, too young not to have forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in Heaven, of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief or trouble there, and his father looked as if he had seen much of both.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn. "Jamie," said the good pastor (gently pressing the still-untied hands of the mariner, and his faithful Annie) "you are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well, it is said, that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than other men; but it was not from storm and tempest alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness,—wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay,—these have been around your dreary path—but He that was with you, was mightier than all that were against you; and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men." We all knelt down and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lips of wondering childhood, and the deep, unalterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart!

For much high-wrought emotions prayer

be only adequate channel. They found vent to it, and were calmed and subdued to the quiet of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of perils and privations, endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors. They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

"I never despaired, Sir," said this hardy Scotsman; "we were young and stout. Providence, aye when at the warst, did us some gude turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wives or mithers at hame, and ken't that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety; and little as men may think of them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage—a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were lang! I was aye a great dreamer; and ye maunna be angry, sir, (to the minister) the seeing Annie and the bairns amang ilka time I lay down, and aye braw and buskit, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest. I never could see wee Jamie, though," said he, smiling, and kissing the child on his knee; "I saw a cradle weel enough; but the face o' bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I feared had never been born; but God be praised he's here, and no that unlike myself, neither."

"Annie!" said the minister, gently loosing her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, "you are forgetting your duty as a gude wife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness ere we go—we'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial bottle; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'."

"Atweel, that's true," said the old father, with a distinctness of utterance, and acuteness of hearing, he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought, the health of the day went round; I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hands, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

"Andrew," said he, giving the little patient equerry a bright new sixpence, "tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the sea." The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command, and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

The day was advancing. Those two scenes had encroached deeply on the privileged hours for visiting, and the minister, partly to turn the account of our thoughts into a less agitating channel, partly to balance the delights of the last hour with their due counterpoise of alloy, suggested the propriety of going next to pay at the house of his patron, the Laird of the parish, the visit of duty and ceremony, which his late return, and a domestic affliction in the family, rendered indispensable.—There were reasons which made my going equally proper and disagreeable; and formal calls being among the many evils which are lightened by participation, I gladly availed myself of the shelter of the minister's name and company.

Mr. Morison, of Castle Morison, was one of those spoiled children of fortune, whom in her cruel kindness she renders miserable. He had never known contradiction, and a straw across his path made him chafe like a resisted torrent; he had never known sorrow, and was, consequently, but half acquainted with joy; he was a stranger to compassion, and, consequently, himself an object of pity to all who could allow for the force of early education in searing and hardening the human heart. He had, as a boy, made his mother tremble; it is little to be wondered that in manhood he was the tyrant of his wife and children. Mrs. Morison's spirit, originally gentle, was soon broken, and if her heart was not equally so, it was because she learned reluctantly to despise her tyrant, and found compensation in the double portion of affection bestowed on her by her son and daughters. For the latter, Mr. Morison manifested only contempt. There was not a horse in his stable, nor a dog in his kennel, which did not engross more of his attention, but like the oxen and hares which it was the business of these favourite animals to hunt down, girls could be made to afford no bad sport in a rainy day.—It was no wonder, that with them feasts usurped the place of reverence for such a parent. If they did not hate him, they were indebted to their mother's piety and their own sweet dispositions; and if they neither hated nor envied their only brother, it was not the fault of him, who, by injudicious distinctions and blind indulgence, laid the foundation for envy and all uncharitableness in their youthful bosoms. In that of his favorite they had the useful effect of generating self will and rebellion; and while Jane and Agnes, well knowing nothing they did would be thought right rarely erred from the path of duty, Edmund, aware that he could scarce do wrong, took care his privileges should not rust for want of exercise.

But though suffered in all minor matters to follow the dictates of caprice, to laugh at his tutor, lame the horse, and break rules (to all others those of the Medes and Persians) with impunity, he found himself suddenly reined up in his headlong career by an equally capricious parent, precisely at the period when restraint was nearly forgotten, and peculiarly irksome. It was tacitly agreed by both parties, that the heir of Castle Morison could only go into the army; but while the guards, or a dragoon regiment, was the natural enough ambition of Edmund, Morison was suddenly seized with a fit of contradiction, which he chose to style economy, and talked of a marching regiment, with perhaps an extra 100*l.* per annum, to the undoubted heir of nearly ten thousand a year. Neither would yield—the one had taught, the other learned, stubbornness; and Edmund, backed by the sympathy of the world, and the clamours of his companions, told his father he had changed his mind, and was going to India with a near relation, about to proceed to Bombay in a high official character. Morison had a peculiar prejudice against the East, and a personal pique towards the cousin to whose patronage Edmund had betaken himself. His rage was as boundless as his former partiality, and the only consolation his poor wife felt when her darling son left his father's house, alike impenitent and unblest, was, that the boy's disposition was originally good, and would probably recover the ascendant; and that it was out of the power of her husband to make his son a beggar as well as an exile. The estate was strictly entailed, and the knowledge of this, while it embittered Morison's sense of his son's disobedience, no doubt strengthened the feeling of independence so natural to headstrong youth.

While Morison was perverting legal ingenuity, in vain hopes of being able to disinherit his refractory heir, his unnatural schemes were anticipated by a mightier agent. An epidemic fever carried off, in one short month, (about two years after his quitting England,) the unreconciled, but no longer unconciliatory exile, and his young and beautiful bride, the daughter of his patron, his union with whom had been construed, by the causeless antipathy of his father, into a fresh cause of indignation.—Death, whose cold hand loosens this world's grasp, and whose deep voice stills this world's strife, only tightens the bonds of nature, and teaches the stormiest spirits to part in peace. Edmund lived to write to his father a few lines of unfeigned and unconditional penitence; to own, that if the path of duty had been rugged, he had in vain sought happiness beyond it, and to entreat that the place he had forfeited in his father's favour, might be transferred to his unoffending child.

All this had been conveyed to Mr. Monteith and myself, by the voice of rumour, some days before, and we had been more shocked than surprised to learn that Morison's resentment had survived its object, and that he disclaimed all intention of ever seeing or receiving the infant boy, who, it was said to him to reflect, must inherit his estate. Mrs. Morison, had exerted, to soften his hard heart, all the little influence she ever possessed. Her tender soul yearned towards her Edmund's child, and sometimes the thought of seeking a separation, and devoting herself to rear it, crossed her despairing mind. But her daughters were a tie still more powerful to her unhappy home. She could neither leave them unprotected, to its discomforts, nor conscientiously advise their desertion of a parent, however unworthy; so she wandered a paler and sadder inmate than before, of her cold and stately mansion; and her fair, subdued-looking daughters, shuddered as they passed the long-locked doors of their brother's nursery and school-room.

The accounts of young Morison's death had arrived since the good pastor's departure, and it was with feelings of equal sympathy towards the female part of the family, and sorrow for the unchristian frame of its head, that he prepared for our present visit. As we rode up the old straight avenue, I perceived a post-chaise at the door, and instead of shrinking from this probable accession of strangers, felt that any addition to the usually constrained and gloomy family circle, must be a relief.—On reaching the door, we were struck with a very unusual appendage to the dusty and travel-stained vehicle, in the shade of an ancient, venerable looking Asiatic, in the dress of his country, beneath whose ample muslin folds, he might easily have been mistaken for an old female nurse, a character which, in all its skill and tenderness, was amply sustained by this faithful and attached Oriental. His broken English, and passionate gestures, excited our attention, already awakened by the singularity of his costume and appearance; and as we got close to him, the big tears which rolled over his sallow and furrowed cheeks, powerfully called forth our sympathy, and told, better than words, his forcible exclusion from the splendid mansion which had reluctantly admitted within its precincts, the child dearer to him than country and kindred!

Our visit (had it borne less of a pastoral character) had all the appearance of being very ill-timed. There were servants running to and fro in the hall, and loud voices in the dining room; and, from a little parlour on one side of the front door, issued female sobs, mingled with infant wailings, in an unknown dialect.

"Thank God!" whispered the minister, "the bairn is fairly in the house. Providence and nature will surely do the rest."

It was not a time to intrude abruptly, so we sent in our names to Mr. Morison, and during our pretty long detention on horseback, could not avoid seeing in at the window of the parlour, before mentioned, a scene which it grieved us to think was only witnessed by ourselves.

Mrs. Morison was sitting in a chair (on which she had evidently sunk down powerless,) with her son's orphan boy on her knee, the bright dark eyes of the little wild unearthly looking creature, in steadfast gaze on her pale matronly countenance. "No cry, mama Englise," said the child, as her big tears rolled unheeded on his bosom—"Billy Edmund will be welly wally good." His youngest aunt, whose keen and long repressed feelings found vent in mingled sobs of joy and agony, was covering his little hands with showers of kisses, while the elder, his father's favourite sister, was comparing behind him the rich dark locks that clustered in his neck, with the locket which, since Edmund's departure, had dwelt next her heart.

A message from the laird summoned us from this affecting sight, and, amid the pathetic entreaties of the old Oriental, that we would restore his nursling, we proceeded to the dining room, made aware of our approach to it by the stid storming, though half suppressed imprecations of its hard hearted master. He was pacing in stern and moody agitation through the spacious apartment. His welcome was evidently extorted, and his face, to use a strong scripture expression, set as a flint against the voice of remonstrance and exhortation, for which he was evidently prepared. My skilful coadjutor went quite another way to work. "Mr. Morison," said he, apparently unconscious of the poor man's pitiable state of mind, "I came to condole, but I find it is my lot to congratulate. The Lord hath taken away with one hand, but it has been to give with the other. His blessing be with you and your son's son, whom he hath sent to be the staff and comfort of your age!" This was said with his usual benign frankness, and the hard heart, which would have silenced admonition and scorned reproof, scarce knew how to repulse the voice of Christian congratulation. He walked about, muttering to himself—"no son of mine—bad bred! Let him go to those who taught his father disobedience, and his mother artifice!—any where they please—there is no room for him here!"

"Have you seen your grand child yet, Mr. Morison?" resumed the minister, nothing daunted by the continued obstinacy of the proud laird. "Let me have the joy of putting him into your arms. You must expect to be a good deal overcome; sweet little fellow, there is a strong likeness." A shudder passed across the father's hard frame, and he recoiled as from an adder, when worthy Mr. Monteith gently grasping his arm, sought to draw him, still sullen, though more faintly resisting, towards the other room. A shrill cry of infant agony rose from the parlour, as he crossed the hall, and Nature perhaps never exhibited a stronger contrast than presented itself between the cruel old man, struggling to escape from the presence of his grandchild, and the faithful ancient domestic shrieking wildly to be admitted into it.

As I threw open the door for the entrance of the former, little Edmund, whose infant promises of good behaviour had soon given way before the continued society of strangers, was stamping in all the impotence of baby rage, (and in this unhallowed mood, too faithful a mimicture of both father and grandfather) and calling loudly for the old Oriental. With the first glance at the door his exclamations redoubled. We began to fear the worst effect from this abrupt introduction, but no sooner had the beautiful boy, beautiful even in passion, cast a second bewildered glance on his still erect and handsome grandfather, than, clapping his little hands, and calling out, "my Bombay Papa!" he flew into his arms!

The servants, concluding the interdict removed by their master's entrance into the apartment, had ceased to obstruct the efforts of the old Hindoo to fly to his precious charge; and while the astonished and fairly overwhelmed Morison's neck was encircled by the infant grasp of his son's orphan boy, his knees were suddenly embraced by that son's devoted and grey-haired domestic.

One arm of little Edmund was instantly loosened from his grandfather's shoulder, and passed round the neck of the faithful old Oriental, who kissed alternately the little cherub hand of his nursling, and the hitherto iron one of the proud laird. It softened, and the hard heart with it! It was long since love, pure unsophisticated love, and spontaneous reverence, had been Morison's portion, and they were proportionally sweet. He buried his face in his grandson's clustering ringlets.—We heard a groan deep as when rocks are rendering, and the earth heaves with long pent-up fires. It was wildly mingled with childish laughter and hysteric bursts of female tenderness, as stealing cautiously and unheeded from the spot, we mounted our horses and rode away.

A GEM OF EARLY GENIUS.

The following lines, says the Nantucket Journal, were written a short time since, by a young lad in this town on the day that he completed his thirteenth year. His opportunities for intellectual improvement have been limited, and his school advantages have been no higher than those possessed by the common pupil in English rudiments.

ON SLAVERY.

Methicks e'en now, a piercing shriek I hear,
In dreadful notes come trembling on my ear;
It is the wretched negro's plaintive moan,
Torn from his country, kindred, and his home,
His thoughts they wander on his native shore,
Upon that land he never shall see more;
For the proud ship that bore him from his home,
Is urging on her course, through waves and foam.
The western world now heaves itself in view,
Up the white sails, the hardy seamen clue;
The ship next safely lashed unto the pier,
Upon the deck the destined slaves appear.
Heart-rending sighs are from their bosoms torn,
While with fond shrieks their lover fate they mourn;
But lately happy in their humble cot—
Now a slave's life their sad and dreadful lot—
Ah fatal change, loud mourns poor Afric's son;
From his dear wife and peaceful cottage torn,
From his dear woods and prattling children's side,
From the sweet, fond embraces of his bride;
The warrior king and subject all the same,
All names are blotted from the book of fame.

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LITERARY.

The new novel of "The Buccaneers," of which some mention was made in this paper, a short time since, is published, and there is, it is understood, a very considerable demand for it, the greater part of the first edition having been engaged by the booksellers before its appearance—the work is one of considerable length, and comprises with satire and anecdote much historical matter concerning the older day of the city and state of New York, and the ancient settlers and their descendants.

Two volumes of Cooper's forthcoming novel the Red Rover, have been received; the residue is daily expected and will be printed without delay.

Charlotte's Daughter, or the Three Orphans; being a continuation of Charlotte Temple, by Mrs. Rowson, has been put to press in Boston.

REMOVAL OF THE POST OFFICE.

The Postmaster of this city has rented for a Post Office that large house, the property of Messrs. Howells,' at the corner of the new street lately opened, called the Franklin Place, and Chesnut street, nearly opposite the present office. The alley adjoining the house will be taken into the office, and windows opened on the new street; thus affording two fronts for the delivering of letters. The public will have due notice of the removal of the office, which will take place as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

At the present term of the District Court of Philadelphia, Rebecca O'Neal brought an action against Mordecai Hart, for a breach of promise of marriage, and recovered 500 dollars damages. The plaintiff is a young woman about 21 years of age, and gains her living by working in a hatter's shop; the defendant is a saddler, respectable in appearance and his character unimpeached on the trial, except for the offences connected with the suit. He had formed a second attachment which led to his faithlessness. The suit was instituted in 1825. Desmond and T. S. Smith for plaintiff and Isaac Norris for defendant.

At a late meeting of the city councils, application was made to obtain the rooms of the State House for the accommodation of the High Schools of the Frank'in Institute. It was referred to a committee. A resolution was passed requesting the committee on Independence Square to take order for having the bell over the roof of said building hung on alarm of fire, as well as for providing a night watch for the premises.

Schuylkill Coal is in so great demand, that it appears probable it will this year exceed the supply, although an addition of 1000 tons per week may be looked for, until the ice closes the navigation. There has been an order executed for two hundred tons of this Coal, shipped for the Havana; this new source of demand for boiling the sugar cane, may be likely greatly to increase the consumption of Schuylkill Coal, and become beneficial to the planters of the West Indies, as well as to our Southern States, where sugar will be made to a considerable extent.

The show and fair of the Salem County Agricultural Society, says the Salem (N. J.) Messenger, of the 31st ult held in this town yesterday, was numerously and respectably attended. The collection of fine colts and cattle, was considerable, and in comparison with former shows, evinces a growing interest in the improvement of the blood and breed of horses and cattle.

DISTRESSING AND FATAL ACCIDENT

On Saturday morning last, a distressing accident occurred by which the Right Rev. Philip Kemp received very severe bodily hurt. The Bishop having been present, in Philadelphia, at the Consecration of the Rev. Mr. Onderdonk as Assistant Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania, left here on on Friday in the steamboat, on his return homeward. In the passage over land, from New Castle to Frenchtown, when about three miles from the latter place, the stage, containing two ladies, the Bishop, and four other passengers, was suddenly overturned, in an attempt made by the drunken driver to pass the stage in front. All the passengers we regret to say, escaped on Sunday at one o'clock after suffering the most excruciating tortures from his wounds.

It is stated in the St. Louis Republican that Gen. Atkinson, with the troops under his command, returned from the Upper Mississippi to Jefferson barracks on the 27th of September, in good health. Not only the Winnebagoes, but other tribes on the Upper Mississippi, which had shown symptoms of hostility, are awed into good behaviour by the appearance of such an imposing force. No blood has been shed, and the guilty are in our hands, confined at Prairie du Chien, to await the operation of the laws. How much more consolatory this result than victory itself over those infuriated and deluded beings.

Before leaving the Upper Mississippi, General Atkinson re-established the important post commanding the portage at Prairie du Chien, by placing four companies there, which were withdrawn from the post at the Falls of St. Anthony.

The same paper says there is no place in the United States where mechanics of every description are in greater demand than they have been and continue to be in St. Louis.

The Augusta, Geo. Constitutionalist, contains an account of an attack made by an Alligator upon a female negro, who was going into a swamp with a basket of corn upon her head, to feed hogs. She was struck suddenly and severely on the breast and arms, by this ferocious creature, who attempted to devour her, tearing her flesh and clothes with his claws. She extricated herself with difficulty, and fled, pursued by the Alligator; she sought shelter upon a log, one end of which rested upon a stump; her cries brought to her assistance several slaves from an adjacent field, who killed the Alligator, and relieved the woman from her perilous situation.

One of the members of the New Jersey Legislature from Monmouth, Mr. Lloyd, while on his way from home to take his seat in the house, was arrested on a ca. sa. by the Sheriff of Monmouth, and is now in custody. The house have resolved that this is a breach of its privileges and dignity, and have dispatched a Sergeant at arms with the speaker's warrant, to compel the attendance of the Sheriff with his prisoner, forthwith at the bar of the house.

STEAM ENGINES.

It is said, on the authority of Mr. Webster, that there are at this time, more than 15,000 machines of this kind in Great Britain. The power of some of them is wonderful. In the county of Cornwall for example, there are some of 600 horse power. Admitting that all are equal, and each have the power of 25 horses, the result of the whole would be a power equal to that of 375,000 horses. Now according to Watt's estimation, the power of a horse equals that of five men and a half. England possesses, by means of these machines, a power equal to that of two millions of men. We may remark also, that as each horse demands for his actual nourishment, the produce of two acres of land, the inhabitants of that country have, for the use of steam engines, 750,000 acres at their disposal.

The ceremony of breaking ground for the purpose of commencing the Delaware Canal, was performed at Bristol on Saturday. About half a mile from the town a stage was erected—the ceremonies were commenced by an appropriate prayer and followed by an address by Peter A. Brown, Esq. The ground was broke by George Harrison, Esq. member of the legislature, from Bucks county, and Peter Lorie, Esq. member from Northampton. Both branches of the legislature were invited, and the Jersey legislature adjourned to attend, many members of which were present. After the ceremony was concluded, the company, which was numerous, sat down to a sumptuous entertainment at Bessonett's Hotel. General William Duncan of this city officiated as chairman, assisted by James M. Porter of Easton, Lewis L. Coryell of Bucks county, and Dr. S. Philips of Bristol. Among the guests were Condie Raguet, Esq. General Wall of Trenton and General Rogers of Easton.—General Thomas Snyder of the Northern Liberties, and William F. Swift, Esq. of Bristol, acted as marshalls of the day.

MRS. ROYALL.

This amiable and learned itinerant, now in the state of Maine, is the object of all honor with the *natives*. By a Hallowell paper, we perceive that she has been elected an honorary member of several distinguished societies; while on the other hand some few believe that her visit is entirely of a *political nature*, and that she is an agent either of the combination or coalition.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

On the 22d ult. a very large Eagle was shot, in Westtown, Chester county, Pa by John Highfield, jr. and William Highfield. The day had been stormy, and towards the close of it the Eagle took its perch on the top of a tall white oak. A shot was discharged at it, but in appearance without any serious effect; the bird arose on the perch, expanded its ample wings, looked sternly upon its enemies and resumed its former position. The second shot was attended with the same appearances; for the Eagle either contemned the danger, or was too much overcome by the storm, to seek safety in flight. The third discharge was instantly fatal—the bird relaxed its hold, and instantly fell dead to the earth. It measured from the tips of the wings when extended, six feet, eight inches, and from the beak to the tail inclusive, three feet four inches. It weighed ten lbs. and a half.

Messrs. F. & H. Sheldon & Co. who had their store broken open in New York a short time since, have lately received an anonymous letter, dated at the United States Hotel, Philadelphia, informing them that it was useless to give themselves any trouble for the recovery of their property as the goods were sold and they had the money in their pockets.

Twenty-four gentlemen who were passengers in the Union steam boat line from Philadelphia to Baltimore, have published a statement, that the overturning of the stage on Sunday last, running from Newcastle to Frenchtown, which occasioned the death of Bishop Kemp and the dangerous injury of Dr. Hamilton of Petersburgh, was owing entirely, to the carelessness and intemperance of two drivers, and the attempt of one to pass the other.

The sloop of war building at the navy yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts, is nearly finished, and will be launched in a few days. She is throughout a fine vessel, of an excellent model, and round sterned. She has for a figure head a large gilt eagle, elegantly carved, with a serpent coiling harmless in either claw.

It appears by a hand bill offering 500 dollars reward, that the first teller of the Branch of the Virginia State Bank at Petersburg, absconded from that place on Sunday morning of last week, with forty thousand dollars in the bills of that bank. His name is Snelson, about fifty years old, and of very respectable connections.

The New York Albion of the 27th ult. gives the following information.

"*Treaty of Ghent*—The commissioners for acting the boundary under the seventh article of the above treaty, have, after much labor and patient investigation, this day closed their labors and made their final reports to their respective governments. It is gratifying to state, that the aforesaid commissioners have amicably determined by far the largest portion of the line; two points only have been referred to the governments, viz: one affecting St. George's Island, below the Sault de Maria, in the water communication, Lake Superior, northwest of that lake, and Lac La Pluie. The commissioners, it will be recollected, are, Anthony Barclay, Esq. and General Porter."

Captain Ricketson, from Brazil, at New York, reports that the coast was completely lined with Buenos Ayrean privateers. One alone captured off Bahia, 16 vessels in three days, part of them with valuable cargoes, which were manned and ordered to La Plata. It was said this same privateer had on board 200,000 milreas in silver, taken from her prizes.

A gentleman sixty years of age, underwent a surgical operation at the Massachusetts Hospital on Saturday. It was the removal of a wen which grew on the side of the neck, and as it enlarged, was found to obstruct the passage of the throat. The wen was removed in three parts, and late in the afternoon the patient was doing well. The gentleman had the choice of being starved, or risking his life in the operation of removing it.

The Maryland Advocate states that the amount of subscriptions to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal stock, in other sections of the country than the district of Columbia, will fall, if any, very little short of a million of dollars; which added to the sum already subscribed in the district, presents an aggregate sufficient to ensure the completion of the Canal.

The negroes of the West Indies are perhaps, though unconsciously, the most secure from the effects of a thunder storm of any of the inhabitants of a tropical climate. Their huts are generally planted in the neighborhood of a cocoa nut tree—Now this from its great height, and perhaps also in some degree from the pointed form of its leaves, is very liable to be struck with lightning, and affords near a house the same protection as a metallic conductor. In the negro huts the chickens are always hung up from the roof in baskets to preserve them from the rats.

It is a matter of felicitation to find a toast that is not stale, like the following, given at the Plymouth, Mass. cattle-show: "*The American Fair.*—Too wise to take the veil, and too beautiful to need it."

DEATH CAUSED BY THE SMOKE OF LAMPS.

The Dedham, (Mass.) Register, gives the subsequent account of a fatal accident from the carelessness, or unskilful manner of trimming a common lamp. It is remarkable that similar disasters have not happened before, from the very great want of judgment often observed, in the manner of burning lamps. The use of lamps, in families, as a substitute for candles, has been, within a few years, greatly extended in the country, and it is perhaps not surprising that persons who have been but a short time accustomed to the use of them, should not know how to burn them properly; and that consequently the rooms where they are used should be so often filled with smoke, and blackened with soot. It appears not to be known to many persons who use lamps, that when trimmed properly, they never emit any perceptible smoke, and that when any smoke is visible it is a certain proof that the wick *is* too high, and that the atmosphere about it is becoming rapidly filled with particles of soot, most injurious to the lungs, and to the eyes of every one that breathes it. We have known many instances of inflamed eyes, and weakened sight, from this cause, and, if we mistake not, of coughs promoted by it; and it is not at all surprising that the air of a chamber should become so saturated with the soot as to produce suffocation. This mischief is very easily prevented, in every form of lamp, by a small degree of care. The proper rule for adjusting the wick is to raise it to such a length, as to produce the greatest degree of flame, without the least visible smoke. The observance of this rule, will not only guard against any injurious effects from the burning of a lamp, making it perfectly safe in any chamber where it is proper for a person to sleep, but will secure the best light.

An order has been issued from the Naval Department for assembling a board at Brooklyn, on the 7th November, near New York, for examination of midshipmen, whose warrants bear date prior to the 1st of January, 1819. That examination will be immediately followed by another, for those whose warrants bear a later date.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

(Continued from Oct. 20.)

Having briefly exhibited some of the causes which have operated to produce dissention in our once happy community, I will now advert to another fruitful source of uneasiness.

No one acquainted with the rise and progress of the Society of Friends, can be ignorant of the zeal with which our predecessors assailed the British hierarchy. They considered the clergy as a dark cloud, intercepting the rays of the gospel sun—they saw that, under a cloak of religion, they were pursuing selfish objects, and, by various exactions, such as tythes, church rates, and other ecclesiastical demands, grinding the faces of the poor, and oppressing tender consciences. The ground of this opposition has been maintained by the Society as a body, to the present day. It is justified by ample experience. Enlightened dissenters of every denomination, have united with Fox, Penn, and Barclay, in declaring their indignation against this most odious feature in the British government.

But since the institution of Bible Societies in Great Britain, Friends in America have had painful evidence that their brethren in England were acting in a way to defeat the end of our noble christian testimony against a mercenary priesthood. They have seen the success of clerical influence drawing our members into active co-operation with the clergy. This amalgamation soon produced its natural consequences; and amongst these, a desire to soften down, and, in some instances, to obliterate the distinguishing characteristics of the Society. Our ministers attended the meetings of the clergy and others—they were introduced into the company of princes and noblemen—they were called upon to address the auditory—they were praised for their eloquence; and, being tickled with a plaudit from the lips of a Bishop, in gratitude for such condescention, they indulged in fulsome panegyric on a class of men who had always been considered by the Society of Friends, as one of the most efficient obstacles to the progress of divine truth.

This state of things was soon followed by a remarkable manifestation of the *missionary spirit*, amongst the ministers of the Society in England. Within a few years, not less than ten of their preachers, and one elder, have landed on our shores—one of them *three times!* Charged with the views and feelings of our amalgamating brethren, they proceeded in their religious labours amongst us, preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, and its subordinate peculiarities. They held up the scriptures as the great, and sometimes as the only medium of divine knowledge. They denounced, as *infidels*, all who could not unite with them in these sentiments. They called them "*Deists*"—"*hypocrites*" "*wolves in sheep's clothing*"—"*false pretenders to religion and godliness*"—"*children of hell*"—"*malignant spirits;*" and many other names, more fit for the lips of a maniac than a minister of the benevolent gospel of Christ.

Nor did this satisfy our opponents. Our approved ministers were attacked by them, in public meetings for divine worship. They were charged with "*blasphemy*"—with preaching "*diabolical doctrines*"—having a "*proud luciferian spirit*"—"trampling on the blood of the Covenant, and counting it an unholy thing!" and with various other matters, in language of the harshest character, eminently calculated to wound the feelings, and disturb the tranquility, of the auditory.

Our meetings for worship and discipline, were now wholly changed in their character; instead of being places for edification and comfort, they were converted into an arena where some of the worst passions of human nature were exhibited. For several years, in this city, scarcely a single week passed during which our feelings were not publicly lacerated. In this unhallowed work, although a considerable number of American Friends were by no means inactive agents, our English visiters acted a very conspicuous part.

After bearing for years, this painful state of things, and the prospect growing "darker every hour," it became necessary to seek a retreat from the storm. It is natural to suppose our Orthodox brethren would have rejoiced at this measure—that they would have been glad to get clear of "hypocrites"—"Deists"—"Infidels"—and "malignant spirits." They had, in fact, frequently declared, in public and private, that we must separate from them. Like Pharoah, they had said to us "rise up, get you forth from amongst us," but no sooner had we begun our march than, like him, they pursued us with their "horsemen, and their chariots, and their army." Every means were used to injure and vex us—anathemas were pronounced against us—our speedy downfall was predicted—a system of excommunication, unparallelled in the annals of the Society, was commenced, and is prosecuted with unrelenting rigour—pamphlets, official, and anonymous, to blacken our character, were published; and finally, the columns of a newspaper were resorted to, that the world might know what a disorderly anti-christian kind of people we are.

But this was not all—our Orthodox rulers were afraid, that in our retreat, we should take, not *their* "jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment," but a little of that property that was justly *our own*; and to which we should have had an equitable and legal title, if we had not been "Infidels" and "Deists," and "malignant spirits!" To prevent, if possible, such an event, five of the most eminent lawyers in this city, were secured by retaining fees, and thus these honest supporters of a Discipline, which forbids "brother to go to law with brother," were armed capapee, and ready to fight us with carnal weapons, at a moment's warning!!

But thanks to the goodness of a benign and over-ruling Providence, all these things have worked together for our good. They have expedited our deliverance. Thousands of our brethren have been convinced by *facts*, who would not have believed on inferior evidence. A way has been opened where there appeared no way—"mountains have skipped like rams, and little hills like lambs;" and now the path is made plain, by which we may be restored to the peace and harmony, and comfort of christian communion, where, as under our own vine, and under our own fig tree, none can make us afraid. PENN.

P. S. In order to give the reader some idea of the kind of Gospel frequently preached by some of our English Friends, I subjoin a few notes, containing the expressions delivered by one of them, on the 4th day of the 7th mo. last, at Rose street meeting house, in the city of New York. Speaking of our friends, that is, about eight-tenths of the whole Society, it was said—

"They had imbibed, and were led away, by the insidious principles of Infidelity; which, in its first appearances, was introduced under a specious pretence of further light and spirituality, in order to deceive the unwary, in which they had succeeded to an alarming extent. Oh! what abominable hypocrisy! Under the pretence of further light, and under the cover or garb of external religious sanctity, they spread darkness, yea, the darkness of Egypt!—a darkness that may be felt!—and such are the corrupting effects thereof, to the hearts of those who have been poisoned by their pernicious principles, that the lines of *Infidelity* can be traced and seen in their very countenances!! They are verging on to the precipice of eternal ruin, being within one step of downright *Atheism!* They have the spirit of Cain, that wicked murderer of his brother—his mark is visible in their foreheads!—and what must be their portion but *hell and damnation!* How awful must be the responsibility of such *hypocrites! wolves in sheep's clothing*—such *false pretenders to religion* and *godliness!* who, to spread their pernicious principles and doctrines, would compass sea and land to make proselytes, who when made, are (if possible) more the children of hell than themselves!—Yet such insidious, designing hypocrites, under high claims to religious light and knowledge, are exalting themselves over all that is called God—yea, they have taken the seat of God, and say, that they are as God! But they are under the spirit and influence of the King of the locusts and his angels, ascending from the bottomless pit—yet they will be swept away as the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and descend to the pit, whence they sprang. Oh! what envious malignant spirits! not satisfied with being deluded themselves, without engaging in the cruel, unholy work of deceiving others, and thus drawing them into the snare; knowing, at the same time, that they are on the precipice of destruction, and wishing to drag as many with them as are within their reach.—These shall utterly perish in their own corruptions, to whom is reserved the mist of blackness and darkness forever!!"

An After Thought.

A young man of Aubury three miles from Himrick, in a letter to his friend in the City of New York, informed him that he was rescued from his perilous situation by a young man who heard him roar out most unmercifully, and that he had forgot to add a postscript to the first well letter to his mistress.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

Mr. Strickland is now surveying the route of a rail way between Camden, N. J. and Absecom Bay.

Eleven persons are sick in the poor house at Wilmington, Del. with the small pox.

The funeral of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Kemp, took place in Baltimore on Tuesday last.

Messrs. Bakewell, Page & Bakewell, of Pittsburgh, have commenced the cutting of glass by steam power. They use an engine of ten horse power, by which the work is much facilitated and the expense materially lessened.

The number of sheep and goats in the state of Massachusetts, in the year 1796, according to the valuation in that year, was 224,207; cows, 127,469; oxen and other neat cattle 192,552; swine, 85,671.

A quicksilver mine has been discovered in Boston, by some workmen employed in digging a cellar, in Prune street.

The Governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, have appointed Thursday, the 26th of November next, for a day of general Thanksgiving and Prayer.

The Aurora Borealis, which was so remarkable in our hemisphere, for several nights, the last of August, was noticed in England about the same time, and described as uncommonly extensive and bright in its appearance. It is said to have been the most remarkable one recollected.

Charcoal is becoming a valuable medicine and is given with success in pulmonary complaints—a tea spoonful finely powdered in milk twice or thrice a day.

In Providence, R. I. an arcade is nearly finished, which will contain about 75 rooms for stores, besides 12 apartments for grocery dealers. It is three stories high, and has fronts of white granite.

Mr. David Kiser, of New York, has obtained a patent for making transparent paper. It is said if bank bills and bills of exchange were printed on it they could not be counterfeited or altered. It is cheap and excellent to put over pictures.

The editor of a Missouri paper, in alluding to the lucubrations received from his correspondents, says, among the rest—"Poetry in our next. This *funny* paper will be looked for with interest no doubt.

A young man at Auburn, N. Y. we understand was compelled to have his arm amputated a day or two since in consequence of having an artery cut in the operation of bleeding.

A charitable Society for young ladies in Hartford, Conn. have devoted their contributions for two years to the purchase of a library for the "Girls' School at Ruggles." It consists of more than one hundred volumes selected with great care by Mrs. Sigourney.

The editor of the Genius of Universal Emancipation has given notice that he is authorized to send emancipated slaves to Hayti free of expense.

The distance between the Post office, Albany and New York, as ascertained by admeasurement, made by Mr. Bacon of the Engineer Corps, is one hundred and forty miles and three-eighths of a mile.

The steamboat Thistle, which lately left and was run ashore in the Raritan, was got off on Monday and towed up to New York.

Experiments are making near Baltimore, with some success, to cultivate the tea plant. A Nova Scotian speaks of the fruit of the plant this season as being plump, heavy, and of a rich and delicate flavor.

Mr. Maelzel announces the publication for last week of the exhibition of the conflagration of Moscow in Baltimore.

Proposals for publishing a new periodical work under the title of the Southern Review have been issued at Charleston, S. C.

A Brick Manufacturing Company is about to go into operation in Baltimore. One of their objects will be to make bricks for exportation, and its operations will also embrace the manufacture of Fire Bricks, the materials for which can be obtained in sufficient *quantities* in the vicinity of that city.

According to a recent and minute statement, there are in Massachusetts one hundred and fifty incorporated Woollen and Cotton Manufactories, with an aggregate capital exceeding twenty millions of dollars.

Governor Clinton issued his proclamation recommending Wednesday, the 12th day of September next, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving throughout the state of New York.

A man named Harvey Griswold, of Suffield, Connecticut, has absconded from his creditors, and is supposed to be somewhere in the state of New York at present, engaged in his profession.

Mr. Gallatin, the American Minister and his family, were to embark for New-York, in the packet ship of the 8th. October, the Silas Jenkins.

The New York Statesman of Friday evening says "a duel was fought this morning at Hoboken between a midshipman and a surgeon, both of the United States Navy. The latter was killed."

The Tallahassee Advocate, of the 6th ultimo, mentions that the fever had subsided at Pensacola and that the citizens who had fled from it were returning to their homes. Tallahassee and the adjacent country were quite healthy.

The body of Morgan has been interred at Batavia, N. Y. Crowds of people came from all parts of the country, in waggons, &c. to attend the funeral.

The town council of Harrisburg, at their last meeting passed a resolution granting permission to the Pennsylvania Bank, to locate a branch of that institution at this place.

A bar of fine gold, valued at $150, has been made from particles of gold found in Tiger river, near Greenville, S. C. The owner of the land, Mr. J. H. Randolph, is engaged in washing for more.

Mr. Buckingham in his last Galaxy, ironquirocally denies that he or Mr. Buckingham, Jr. had either of them any thing to do with the authorship of the prize address of which so much has been said. He is not sparing of the lash upon those who have called him to account on this subject.

Charles Lavaux, an amiable young man, aged 21, has been killed, in a street in New Orleans, by one Balthazar Azur, who stabbed him repeatedly with a carving knife. Azur escaped at the time.

On the 15th ultimo, Beaumont and Thornton, two highway robbers, lately sent to the penitentiary in Frankfort, Kentucky, made a desperate attempt to escape from their confinement, in which the former was shot dead on the spot, and the latter wounded.

Captain William Doane Freeman, whose trial for murder, in the circuit court at Boston, took place a few days ago, has been found guilty of manslaughter.

Dr. Robert Adrain, Professor of mathematics in Rutgers College, New Brunswick, has recently been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania.

During the week ending 16th ultimo, there were five deaths by yellow fever

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

The nephew of the celebrated and unfortunate Karaiskaki, was performing quarantine at Toulon, on board the *Bayadère*, on the 8th ult. He came near being killed by an immense lion, who was suffered to go loose on deck, and struck his talons into his neck while he was sleeping.

Mr. Thompson, in his Travels in Southern Africa, mentions that in one of the inland settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, there is an immense subterraneous cavern—one of the apartments is 600 feet in length, 100 feet in breadth, and from 60 to 70 feet in height. The roof was adorned with the most splendid stalactites, many of which were quite transparent.

It is a singular regulation in the Government of China, that the Emperor has the power of nominating his successor even to the exclusion of his own offspring and family.

The original Whig Club chair, was sold on the 29th ult. at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand. It was put up by Cobbet at 5d. and knocked down at 45 guineas—a curious coincidence with Wilkes' celebrated number 45.

The Journal du Commerce of the 4th of September, contains a letter from General Gourgaud to the editor in reply to the calumnies upon himself in the 'Life of Napoleon,' which the general tartly calls the 'last romance of Walter Scott.'

Sir Walter Scott has published an answer to General Gourgaud's letter taxing him with falsely quoting Gourgaud's authority for some statement made in the Life of Napoleon. Sir Walter gives official papers from the colonial department in England to prove, that General Gourgaud while confided in at Longwood by Bonaparte, was also the confidential informer of the British government as to Napoleon's health, habits, and hopes of escape. The General has involved himself in an awkward predicament.

The duke of Wellington entered the army in 1787, as an Ensign in the 4th regiment of foot. He was then in his 18th year, and had received an excellent military education under the celebrated Pigneral, President of the Academy of Augers. His rise was rapid, though not more so than the situation of his family, and the custom of the army at that period might lead us to expect—after a series of promotions and exchanges he was on the 30th Sept. 1793, gazetted a Lieutenant Colonel, by purchase, in the 33d infantry.

Among the alterations now going on at the Adelphi Theatre, a splendid box is fitting up for the duchess of St. Albans. The interior is to be newly painted and decorated previous to the opening.

The widow of the celebrated Charles James Fox is still alive. At the annual juvenile fete given by Mr. W. H. Whitebread, Jr. at his seat in Bedfordshire, she was present among the visitors.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, has published an Ukase, forbidding Freemasonry throughout his dominions.

The Hamburg papers contain an account of a dreadful fire at Abo on the 4th of September, which destroyed 900 houses, nearly the whole town.

REBELLION IN SPAIN.

The Official Gazette of Madrid contains an address of the Secretary of State for the Loan Department, to the Count Campo Sagrado, Captain General of Catalonia, (published as it expresses, at the request of his Majesty,) giving an account of the rise and progress of the Rebellion. It is full of whining about the abuse of the Royal clemency, and the perverse results of its extension to the insurgents.

Advices from Smyrna, of the 2d of September, say that Admiral Codrington had succeeded in restoring concord at Napoli. Since the Greeks were assured of the interference of the allied powers in their favor they have become more docile, and ranged themselves under their several leaders with an appearance of subordination.

On the first of August lord Cochrane captured, in the Hellas, a Turkish corvette of 28 guns, and a schooner of 16, just as they were sailing out of the port of Navarin. The combat lasted but a moment, and the Turks had 55 killed.

A conspiracy of Colocotroni for surrendering Napoli to Ibrahim Pacha, for one million of dollars was detected by General Church, who intercepted some letters of that scoundrel, who escaped the punishment his accomplices have met with, by leaving the place only half an hour before General Church's arrival.

Marshal de Monchy contended that the flesh of pigeons had a consoling power. When he had lost a friend or relation, he used to say to his cook, "have roast pigeons to-day for dinner: when I have eaten a couple of pigeons, I always perceive that my grief is considerably diminished."

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1827.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORNELIA'S" Lines entitled "The Mother's Farewell," are written with good taste and feeling—this kind lady has rendered us many flattering obligations by the contributions of her muse, and it will be additional pleasure for us to see it occupying a portion in our Poet's corner more frequently than of late.

"CORNELIA" too is cordially welcome—we shall give her lines addressed to "The World" an early place.

"MANLIUS" "J. S. D." and "FRANKLIN" are on file for insertion.

We have been delayed in the publication of the Essay from our esteemed correspondent and friend "J. B. S" of New-York, but it shall appear next week without fail.

"Eve of Flora-dale," we have not had time to perusc—when we have done so, we shall, if the merits of the tale will admit, gratify the wishes of writer, by letting it appear in print.

ERRATA.

The Yearly Meeting of Friends for Pennsylvania and parts adjacent, held in the 10th month last, adjourned to the 2d second day in the 4th month next, instead of the second day in the fourth month as mentioned in our last.

In consequence of some misrepresentations which have gone abroad, we find it necessary to assure the public that we have no interest in, or connection with, *The Souvenir*, in any other way than as printers of that work, Mr. P. Price, jr. the publisher, being the sole and exclusive proprietor. Over the matter it contains we have no controul—it is furnished by the publisher and printed according to his directions, and upon his responsibility.

We make this statement because we have heard it said that the *Post* and *Souvenir* were in some degree connected, the latter being partly made up out of the former. This never was, and is not now the case. They are distinct publications, neither having any, the slightest, dependence on the other.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

It has been the study and labour of those who have made music, a science, to invent or improve the tones of some instrument that should approach the sound of a human voice when exercised in singing. We read of automata that could utter many distinct sounds; and we have seen, in the exhibitions of Mr. Maelzel, and subsequently in the Philadelphia museum, small automata that could utter two or three tones, so articulated as to resemble three or four well known and often repeated words—these, however, are efforts of successful ingenuity, that result only in a momentary wonder, they are productive of agreeable sensations when first seen, but curiosity being satisfied, their tones are grating and disagreeable.

Of all musical instruments, we believe a German flute approaches the nearest to the rich full tones of a female voice; and as art has been pursued with so much patience and science, to equal human sound, it may be wondered that the human voice in its best and most frequent application has not been scientifically cultivated by having its various modulations classified, and its different intonations referred to certain rules and scales. All who have paid attention to elocution, have seen rules, &c. expressing the passions by the voice—for varying tones by high and low pitches—and, indeed, one celebrated writer on the subject goes so far as to fix staves and notes by which a line of poetry is set to high or low sounds, in a manner exactly similar to musical notation; at first sight such a plan might be supposed of much service in aiding the learner—but it should be recollected, that notes themselves only give ideas of high and low, long and short sounds.—There are *time* and the key to be considered, and these are more various in speech than in music.

But in an especial manner have the most popular writers and compilers upon the subject of elocution, neglected the various sounds of a single monosyllable, not only in its different uses, as various ideas are conveyed by it, but also those necessary to give it utterance in its most simple and unexpressive use—for example, the word "*boy*," certainly contains more than one sound.—This *compound* nature of our *simple* words has indeed been noticed by some writers, but not at length; nor have their various combinations, in some instances, and their refusal to coalesce, in others, been made a matter of inquiry.

It is now almost a year since Dr. James Rush, of this city, issued from the press, a book in large octavo, containing nearly six hundred pages, entitled "The Philosophy of the Human Voice,"—A work of this size, on a subject not generally interesting as a science, could scarcely find many readers in this novel devouring generation; and we hence presume, that our few remarks upon the book will have as much novelty, though not the same interest as if made with reference to "The Chronicles of Canongate," or "The Red Rover."

As a skilful Physician and Phisiologist, Dr. Rush is of course generally known—but it is probable that the extent of his enquiries into the philosophy of the human voice, in music and in speaking, was not fully appreciated until his great work made its appearance.

We cannot attempt, in our circumscribed limits, to do justice to the work to which we refer; it is only our intention to record our admiration of its worth, and invite others to become acquainted with its value.

Every sound which can proceed from the human breath is classed under its appropriate head, and the various modulations of sound in a simple word, to suit the different circumstances or feelings of the speaker—the variations of sound along a single syllable, are particularly confined, and so distinctly marked as to be clearly understood, and easily attained.

The various intonations in every possible form of speech, and the intervals are distinguished with an astonishing accuracy. The construction of sounds are also considered with a reference to remedying defects of speaking, referring to the organization of the parts on which particular sounds are dependant—errors of speakers are referred to with the causes of their failure, and consequently a remedy proposed.

We again disclaim any attempt at doing justice to the excellent work; no one can form an estimate of its worth, without a careful and an understanding perusal of it, and this too in the order in which it is written.

It was the intention of the author to reduce elocution to a science, as true and as attainable as music; as perfect in its various dependencies and as referable to regular canons as any other science of the schools; and we hesitate not to say, that the task which was thus assumed, has been fully accomplished, and those who will read the work with care, will rise astonished, that the modulations of their voice, which accident, misfortune or caprice may cause, are as completely arranged, as any of the best opera singers notes, and can be arrived at with as much precision as any ordinary result by a combination of figures.

Could Dr. Rush's book find its way into the hands of our critics, they would not find themselves continually perplexed to point out the errors of public speakers. At present the ear is by custom, in some measure disciplined; and the critic *feels* that the speaker commits an error, but he knows not *what rule* has been violated, and only brings vague, indefinite charges against the offender, who, in turn, knowing the ignorance of his accuser, pleads an equal vague excuse.

We must once more express our hope, that all who feel an interest in public speaking, will possess themselves of the work of which we speak. We conceive it to be the only work of the kind—and from the perfect relation of its different parts, we know not how any other will be needed—abstracts of the work will be made—its different parts adapted to different branches of speaking, and the whole remain a text book for masters rather than scholars, we believe; but it will remain the standard of all subsequent works upon the science, and its author must share the praise, to which his great research and happy illustration eminently entitle him.

MR. COWELL'S BENEFIT.

It will be seen by a reference to our advertising column, that Mr. Cowell, the enterprising Manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, takes his benefit this evening, which will be the last night but one of the season. When the many efforts which this gentleman has made to please the public, and his excellent private character, are remembered, we can not doubt he will have, as he deserves, an overflowing house, particularly as the bill of fare is more attractive than any that has appeared this season. Mr. Cowell has very judiciously chosen *Venice Preserved*—the principal characters of which will be sustained by Messrs. COOPER and HAMBLIN, and Mrs. WOOD. Mr. Cooper who appears positively for the last time in this country, prior to his departure for Europe, has kindly volunteered as *Pierre*, Mr. Hamblin as *Jaffier*, and Mrs. Wood as *Belvidera*. Such an opportunity as the present of witnessing a most powerful dramatic exhibition, will not soon be repeated, as Mrs. Wood, whose Belvidera is without a parallel, is not under any engagement in this city, and we recommend to all our play-going readers not to suffer the opportunity to escape them. The after piece and other entertainments are of the first order of excellence.

MR. GREEN'S BENEFIT.

Mr. Green, whose talents as an Actor have so often delighted the public, announces a benefit on Monday evening, when attractions of no ordinary kind are offered. We sincerely hope this deserving individual may have a benefit proportioned to his merits. We could not wish him any thing better.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

Saturday, Oct. 27.—*Revenge* and *Comfortable Lodgings*. Mr. Cooper's third night.

Monday, Oct. 29.—*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, and *My Spouse and I*. Mr. Cooper's fourth night.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.—*The Pilot*, and *Bruce or the Battle of Bannockburn*, for the benefit of Mr. Kinloch.

Wednesday, Oct. 31.—*Macbeth*—*The Young Widow*, and other entertainments for the benefit of Mr. Cooper.

Thursday, Nov. 1.—*The Pilot*, and *Bruce of Bannockburn*, for the benefit of Mr. Lindsley.

It was for many years an unsolved problem whether two respectable Theatres could be maintained at the same time in this city, and the majority, we believe, were of opinion, they could not. Experience however has shown the contrary, for notwithstanding the many attractions offered at Chesnut street, and the large audiences they have drawn, the houses at this Theatre during the present week have generally been good, and on one or two nights real bumpers. This is as it should be, and we are pleased to observe it. The Drama, considered as a mode of rational entertainment and pleasant instruction, deserves to be encouraged, and we have long regretted that, while our sister cities rendered an adequate support to two, three and four theatrical establishments, in ours one could scarcely be sustained. The strong prejudices which formerly existed against dramatic performances are rapidly subsiding before the liberal opinions of the present generation, and we have no doubt that in the next season, (and as long as they pay together in the present) both houses will receive a liberal patronage.

During the past week, the performances at this house have been very attractive. Several new pieces were brought out, and Mr. Cooper, the long established favorite of this city, has played in most of his best characters, prior to quitting the country, perhaps, though we hope not, forever. We have no disposition to criticise the late performances of this gentleman;—he is about leaving our shores, and we would not have him experience any unkindly feelings at his departure; besides this, his former greatness in his most arduous profession is still green in our recollections. At his benefit on Wednesday evening, (when we were happy to observe a crowded house,) after the curtain fell, he came forward and in a neat and impressive address took an affecting farewell of the Philadelphia audience. We are confident all who were present participated deeply in the feelings under which Mr. Cooper manifestly laboured.

The Young Widow, a new farce, brought out at this place on the same evening it was produced at the other, is infinitely entertaining. With Smith as Mandeville, Cowell as Splash, and Miss Stanard as Aurelia, it proved as effective as any thing we have seen this season, and kept the house in a continued roar from the commencement to the conclusion. *En passant*, of Mr. Smith—he is the most industrious, promising and spirited young actor of whom we have any knowledge; and, like our long-tried and never-found-wanting *Wood*, is perfectly at home in every thing he undertakes. To Mr. Cowell's *Chit Chat* we could listen, we were about to say, forever, certainly as long as any comic singer within our knowledge—It is the very essence of humour.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

Monday, Oct. 29.—*Romeo and Juliet*—*Is He Jealous?* and other entertainments.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.—*Poor Gentleman*—*Rosina*, and a *Concerto* on the trumpet by Mr. Norton.

Wednesday, Oct. 31.—*Venice Preserved*—*The Young Widow*, and a *German Air* by Madame Braun.

Thursday, Nov. 1.—*Guy Mannering*—*Spoil'd Child*, and a *Concerto* by Mr. Norton.

When Mr. Wemyss, the present stage manager at Chesnut street, left this city for England, with the avowed purpose of procuring an efficient company, it was expected that upon his return we should have the satisfaction of witnessing correct and spirited performances, by actors permanently attached to our own stage; and not be left, as heretofore, almost entirely dependent upon *Stars* obtained at second-hand from other cities. That expectation has been fully realized.—The best performers that could be procured abroad, without respect to expense, have been engaged, and the most efficient of the last year's company retained; so that now we have belonging to our own city a *corps dramatique*, which in point of numbers and talent, cannot, we believe, be equalled by any in America, and is surpassed by few, (if any,) in Europe. This, however, has not been achieved without an enormous expense to the Manager, for which, we trust, he will be liberally recompensed during the current season.

The house was opened on Monday evening last to a crowded and fashionable audience, with *Romeo and Juliet*; in which Mr. Southwell, of Drury Lane, made his first appearance in this country, as *Romeo*. This gentleman has all the external requisites of a good actor: an uncommonly handsome face—a fine manly figure and a carriage in which ease and dignity are gracefully blended, added to a voice, which, though not remarkable for its strength, is full, sweet and capable of great modulation, confer advantages upon him which but few in his profession at the present day possess. He was first brought into theatrical repute by Macready, to whom in acting he bears no inconsiderable resemblance, and stood high in the estimation of his countrymen. His *Romeo* on Monday night, was excellent; and, though not entirely free from fault, is decidedly superior to any we have seen. We believe it gave universal satisfaction. Miss Warren sustained the arduous and interesting character of *Juliet* in such a way as not to disappoint the expectations of her friends. In all the tender passages, particularly the first garden scene, she was every thing that could be desired; and with a little more study and attention to the concluding scenes, she will become a decided favourite in the part. We saw so little of Mr. Drummond, from Charleston, who played *Paris*, that we could form no opinion of his abilities. The rest of the cast did indifferently well.

Tuesday, the comedy of the *Poor Gentleman* was performed for the purpose of introducing Mr. Mercer, from Drury Lane, to an American audience. We have seldom seen a performer who pleased us more than this. His face and figure are good; his gestures easy, natural and unconstrained; his voice clear and finely toned, and his carriage free from all embarrassment; in short, his whole demeanour is that of a well educated gentleman, and we have no doubt he will prove an invaluable acquisition to our theatre. His *Frederick* was an unexceptionable performance, and his *Bellville* in the after-piece equally good. The songs he gave were full of sweetness and taste. Our old favourite Jefferson, made his first appearance this season in *Ollapod*, and was, if possible, more spirited and entertaining than ever. Miss E. Jefferson's *Rosina*, was highly creditable to that young lady, who has made great progress in improvement since last winter. Mr. Norton's Concerto on the trumpet was most exquisite, and seemed to entrance all who heard it. This gentleman is engaged but for six nights, and we advise all who are fond of music to embrace the present opportunity of hearing him.

On Wednesday, *Venice Preserved* was performed at this house, in which Mr. S. Chapman and Miss Emery of the London theatres, made their first appearance in America. Mr. Chapman, who took *Pierre*, played under so many disadvantages, that we shall forbear taking any notice of his performance until a future appearance presents a more favourable opportunity of judging. Miss Emery has fine talents unquestionably, but she is not suited for the delicate and lovely *Belvidera*. Mr. Southwell's *Jaffier*, confirmed the favourable impression made by his *Romeo*. Of Madame Braun's singing, we have before expressed our unqualified approbation.

The *Young Widow*, played for the first time this evening, was well received by the audience. It is very entertaining. Miss Warren, as *Aurelia*, was unusually effective.

Thursday evening, Mr. Hutchings appeared in *Guy Mannering*, as *Harry Bertram*, supported by Mr. Mercer and Miss Emery in *Dandie Dinmont* and *Meg Merrilies*. The first of these gentlemen is a tolerable singer, but is altogether unfit for any character that requires much good acting. There is too much dandyism about him. Mr. Mercer gave great satisfaction in the honest-hearted Scotchman, and exhibited a striking proof that his powers are not limited to genteel comedy. Miss Emery's *Meg Merrilies*, was far superior to her *Belvidera*: throughout she was very good, and in the death scene particularly excelled. Miss E. Jefferson, as *Julia Mannering*, looked, sung and acted charmingly. She is a bewitching little creature, and only needs time in order to become as great a favourite as her father, whose *Dominie Sampson* was exactly what the author meant it should be. In the *Spoil'd Child*, which followed, Miss E. Jefferson acquitted herself as *Little Pickle* very creditably, and Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Francis in such a way as to silence all censurable criticism. Of Mr. *Jefferson, Jr.* we would remark, that he has improved vastly, and bids fair to afford the lovers of fun great entertainment during the season.

Mrs. Duff took her farewell benefit at the Federal street Theatre, Boston, on the evening of the 26th ult. She immediately leaves the country for Europe.

Miss Kelly took a benefit at the Park Theatre, New York, on Tuesday evening. The house was crowded to excess.

The Signorina appeared, for the last time in this country, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on Monday evening, to a splendid audience. She was much affected throughout the evening at the painful thought of parting from those from whom she had received such distinguished marks of partiality. The Enquirer says that "with the whole of the American continent before her, without a rival, popular from her taste and science, and interesting from her youth and beauty, she could have drawn admiring crowds after her, and with ease, have realized a nett income of $5,000 dollars per annum."

The Lafayette Theatre, recently erected in New York, cost more than 100,000 dollars. It belongs to Mr. Sanford, formerly a member of the New York Bar. The same gentleman owns the establishment of the Mount Pitt Circus which cost 50,000 dollars, and has erected, within the last year about thirty Brick houses in the vicinity of these places of amusement. He married Mrs. Holman, the actress, who was formerly Miss Latimer of the London Theatres.

The Boston Courier says, Mr. Holland, recently from Europe, who played six different characters at the Tremont Theatre, in a one act burletta, called *The Day after the Fair*, is certainly the cleverest man we have seen in his line. His imitation of different voices of various different birds and beasts, were highly amusing, and kept a large audience in broad laughter during the whole performance.—"Luke the Labourer," a new melo drama, was played for the first time in Boston, at both Theatres on the same evening.

Browere of New-York, has completed a spirited full length lithographic print of Forrest as William Tell.

The English Theatre in Paris opened on the 6th of September.

Mons. Villalave and Co. assisted by Mons. and Madame Robert, have opened the Washington City Theatre. Their performances will be both novel and attracting there.

Mr. Price's arrangements for the season at Drury Lane are on an extensive scale. The place of Kean, who has gone to Convent Garden, is to be supplied by *a great Unknown*.

Madame Pasta realized 1200 guineas by her engagement in Ireland, and 1350*l* in three of the English provincial theatres.

Matthews has enlisted in the regular drama at Drury Lane, with Liston and Dowton.

The French papers contain the report of a trial which may interest, perhaps, the proprietors of our theatres. Two cheek takers of the Porte Saint Martin were tried for robbery. They had been detected in the fraudulent sale of the checks of the Theatre. The detection was curious. They had gone one morning into a coffee house, not far from the Theatre, and in one of the boxes began a conversation respecting the profit to be made by selling checks. One of them, who had drank a good deal, gave a toast, "prosperity to the sale of checks." In the next box sat one of the managers and treasurer of the Theatre. They burst suddenly on the door keepers, who confessed their fault, and solicited pardon. In court they defended themselves by saying the injury done to the proprietors was trifling, and that the practice was common in all Theatres. The jury disregarded this defence, and condemned them severally to one year and two years imprisonment.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship Lafayette, Rotter, 6, Charleston, cotton.
Brig Richmond, McNeiledge, 18, Trinidad, molasses.
—— Zelia, Crosby, 11, Havana, coffee.
Spanish brig Rozelletto, Osby, 14, Havana, ballast.
Schr. Cyane, Steelman, 4, Norfolk, flour.
—— Hetty Jackson, Holland, 2, Folly Landing, shingles.
—— Mechanic, Homer, 10, Boston, mdze.
—— Amethyst, Bartlett, 20, St. Andrews, plaster.
—— Nancy & Mary, Williams, 4, Suffolk, shingles.
—— Plymouth Rock, Lane, 12, St. Andrews, plaster.
—— Eliza Williams, Somers, 4, Baltimore, wheat.
—— Mary Ann, Wilcox, 7, Stonington, oil, fish, &c.
—— Richmond, Hand, 6, Richmond, mdze.
—— Emery, Bell, 3, Folly Landing, grain.
—— Gifford, Somers, 1, Folly Landing, grain.
—— Resolution, Smith, 4, New York, plaster.
—— Valiant, ——, 4, New York, plaster.
—— Meridian, Ingersoll, 6, Richmond, coal.
—— Atlas, Ireland, 5, Richmond, coal.
—— Dove, Follansbee, 12, Newbury port, mackerel.
—— Dove, Rogers, 6, Boston, mdze.
—— Cyrus, Sears, 15, Halifax, plaster.
—— George, Johnson, 6, Norfolk, shingles.
—— Eliza Jane, Pease, 12, Boston, mdze.
—— New York, Snow, New York, mdze.
—— Olive, Taylor, 3, Snowhill, shingles.
—— American Coaster, Somers, 3, New York, mdze.
—— Gen. Jackson, Turner, 3, New York, mdze.
—— Diana, Peterson, 4, New York, mdze.
—— Knickerbocker, Clark, 3, Albany, grain.
—— Elizabeth, Stewart, 5, New York, mdze.
—— Charles King, Smith, 3, New York, mdze.
—— Adams, Lane, 12, Gloucester, fish.
—— Mary Ann, Johnson, 6, New York, mdze.
—— Emma, Teal, 8, Savannah, cotton.
—— Jane, Tripp, New Bedford, mdze.
—— Margaret, Watkins, 3, Folly Landing, grain.
Sloop Little James, Baker, 3, Snowhill, shingles.
—— Reaper, Crowell, 5, New York, mdze.
—— Speed, Rose, 3, Taunton, mdze.
—— Gen. Warren, Smith, 3, New York, mdze.
—— Union, Gardner, 6, Nantucket, oil.
—— Lady Adams, Goldsmith, 5, New York, mdze.
—— Comet, Jackson, 3, Snowhill, lumber.
—— Planter, Townshend, Richmond, coal.
—— Margaret, Watkins, 2, Folly Landing, flaxseed.
—— Hawk, Starbuck, 6, Nantucket, oil.
—— Active, Albertson, 4, Richmond, coal.

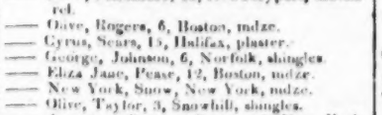
CLEARED.

Ships Tobacco Plant, Burnham, Valparaiso; Delaware, Hamilton, Savannah; Plato, Tatem, Hamburg; Mentor, Ferguson, Charleston, S. C.; Baltze, Bangs, St. Thomas.

Brigs Cato, Bacon, Vera Cruz; Prince Kutousoff, (Br.) Hall, Savannah, Geo; Willetta & Henry, Leslie, St. Thomas; Constitution, Robertson, Havana; Fancy, Wing, Fernandina; South America, Warner, Havana; Acorn, House, Boston.

Schrs. Socrates, Ryder, New York; Triumph, Turner, Savannah; Hannah and Sarah, Fox, New York; Gen. Mercer, Hall, Fredericksburgh; Regulator, Lore, Boston; Phœnix, Dudley, St. Jago de Cuba; Orleans, Monroe, Pensacola; Naomi, Crowell, Norfolk; Philadelphia, Leaming, New Orleans; George Washington, Baker, Charleston, S. C.; Herald, Hall, Providence; Emily Davis, Richmond; William Penn, Clark, Boston; Mary Ann, Ottinger, Jeremie.

Sloop Reaper, Crowell, New York.



MOSS & WALTON,
UPHOLSTERERS,
And Venetian Blind Makers.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have commenced business in the above line, at No. 102 Walnut street, between 4th and 5th streets. M. & W. in soliciting a share of their favours, beg leave to state that every exertion will be made, by punctuality and dispatch in the execution of Orders entrusted to them, to afford general satisfaction.

Parlour, Drawing Room, and Bed Furniture, made up and fixed in the latest European style. nov 3—tf

A dandy observed that he had put a plate of brass on his boots to keep him upright. "Well balanced, by ging," said a Dutchman, "brass at both ends."

MARRIED.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rotoff, JAMES M. GREENE, M. D. of the United States Navy, to Miss CATHARINE ANN WALTMAN, of this city.

On the 24th ult. in Boston, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, CHARLES W. GREEN, Esq. junior Editor of the National Palladium, to Miss CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Hill, of that city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. H. G. Jones, Mr. JOHN I. PARKE, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZA, daughter of the late John Biter, Esq. of Baltimore, Delaware county.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Force, Mr. JOHN BELMAN, late of Portsmouth, Eng. to Miss HANNAH CLAYTON, late of Dublin, Ireland.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Samuel Harvey, Mr. RALPH BYRAM, to Miss MARY BIRCHALL, all of Germantown.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Reilly, Mr. GEORGE HANNAH, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss ELIZABETH CROUSE, late of Baltimore.

By John Shaw, Esq. Mr. ISAAC WOOD, of Salem county, N. J. to Miss SARAH BANER, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ult. by Andrew Petrit, Esq. Mr. HENRY Z. JENKINS, to Miss ABIGAIL G. BEDFORD, daughter of Mr. Thomas Bedford, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. T. J. Kitts, Mr. WILLIAM PUGH, of Delaware county, to Miss MARY, daughter of Edward Pugh, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. T. J. Kitts, Mr. LAWRENCE TEEF, to Miss ESTHER G. HOOK, all of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. SAMUEL JEFFRIES, to Miss MARY ANN DURY, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. JOSEPH C. VANARTSDALEN, to Miss ESTHER W. JANES, all of Bucks county.

On the 17th ult. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. ALEXANDER GRAY, to Miss SARAH TEMPEST, all of this city.

On the 29th inst. by the Rev. Wm. E. Ashton, Mr. BENJAMIN INGERSON, of New Jersey, to Miss ELIZA BRERETON, of Delaware.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Wm. E. Ashton, Mr. HUGH M'CRACKER, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBERTS, of Kingsessing.

On the 25th ult. at Westerly, R. I. by Elder Stillman, Mr. THOMAS P. STANTON, Merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARTHA BABCOCK, daughter of Rose Babcock, Esq. of the former place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. M. M. Carll, Mr. GEORGE M. HICKLING, to Miss JANE C. daughter of Mr. John Silver, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. George C. Potts, Mr. JAMES PHYFE, of New York, to Miss ANN GORDON, of this city.

At New Orleans, by the Rev. J. F. Hull, Mr. J. W. MAHONY, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY J. HODGSON, of New Orleans.

On the 25th ult. by Thomas H. Skinner, Mr. NEWCOMB B. THOMPSON, to Miss HARRIET LLOYD PETERS, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. at Milton, Del. by the Rev. William Torbert, Mr. HENRY J. FOUGERAY, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Arthur Milby, Esq. of the former place.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Magrant, Mr. WILLIAM HOLLINGSWORTH, to Miss MARY ELIZA EVANS, both of Cecil county, Md.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. John Gaforth, Mr. ROBERT ARCHIBALD, to Miss TRUMPH, both of Cecil county, Md.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. Magrant, Mr. JOSEPH WORRELL, jun. formerly of Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss ANN M. BROWN, both of Cecil county, Md.

DIED.

On the 29th ult. after a short illness, aged 47 years, Mr. WILLIAM COATES BUTLER, merchant, of Elizabeth City, N. C.

On the 29th ult. after a long and painful illness, LYDIA, consort of Captain Roger Smith, aged 43 years.

On the 28th ult. aged 36 years, Mr. JAMES RIDDOCK, a native of Scotland.

On the 28th ult. aged 21 years, JAMES R. MILNOR, son of William Milnor.

On the 18th ult. in Amwell, N. J. Mr. DANIEL LATOURRETTE aged 100 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. HANNAH LEWIS, aged 60 years.

On the 29th ult. JOHN CROMBERGER, aged 37 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. JAMES STEALMAN, of a lingering illness, aged 32 years.

On Seventh day, the 27th ult. at 6 o'clock, at Peel Hall, in the county of Philadelphia, aged 70 years, JEREMIAH PARKER, late of this city, merchant.

On the 16th ult. at her brother's, in Jefferson county, Va. aged 31 years, Mrs. MARY LEE HERBERT, relict of the late Noblet Herbert, Esq. of Alexandria, and the only and greatly endeared niece of the Honorable Judge Washington.

Deaths during the past week.

	Adults	Children	Total
Philadelphia,	53	36	89
New-York,	49	41	90
Baltimore,	19	13	32

LAFAYETTE GUARDS.

THE Commissioned Officers will sit at a Court of Appeal (agreeably to 39th section Militia Laws) at Mrs. Holt's, on Monday evening next, between the hours of 8 and 9 P. M. By Order,

November 3—it THOS. S. DENHAM.

CHARCOAL.

ORDERS for Oak or Pine COAL, left at No. 46 Dock street, will be immediately supplied, to the city or country adjoining, by the subscriber, who brings in, and keeps on hand a good supply.

nov 3—tf THOMAS KINSEY, Jr.

Principles of Language.

MR. CARDELL'S Lectures on the science of Speech, in connection with the laws of Physical and Intellectual Nature, will commence on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at Carpenters' Hall, Chesnut street. The course will include twelve lectures, with separate lessons in the practical application of the principles advanced to the business of instruction. Tickets for sale at the Bookstores of Messrs. E. Littell, Kimber & Sharpless, and Uriah Hunt. nov 3—tf

MILLINARY.

MRS. M. WADE, No. 141, south Second street, will open on Thursday the first day of November, an assortment of fashionable Millinary, at

No. 135, South Second Street.

oct 27—3t*

Benjamin M. Hollinshead,

HAS established a Retail Store, at No. 24 North 6th street between Market and Arch sts. where he has for sale a general assortment of Dry Goods, amongst which are Blankets, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres and Cassinetts; Ladies Habit Cloths, Bonery of various descriptions, Bombasetts, Worsted Bombazines, Scarfs and India mull muslins, and handkerchiefs, Jaconet, Book and Cambric ditto, Irish linens, Table linens, domestic shirtings, sheetings, ginghams, &c. with a great variety of other goods, all purchased on the most favourable terms. nov 3—tf

PAINTING & GLAZING.

JAMES WILSON, of the late firm of Jewell & Wilson, House Painters and Glaziers, would respectfully inform his friends and those of the late firm, and the public in general, that he has commenced business on his own account at No. 94 Walnut Street, a few doors above Dock street, where he hopes, by strict attention to business, with a determination to give satisfaction, to merit a continuance of those favours which have heretofore been so liberally extended towards him.

nov 3—6t

Lehigh, Beaver-Meadow, and SCHUYLKILL COAL,

OF a very superior quality for sale at the market price, during the winter, giving the quantity of 2240 lbs. to the ton. Apply to JOHN RICHARDS,

No. 130, south 6th street.

N. B. A Portable Cast Iron Box Stove Grate, may be seen at the same place in operation, with the Lehigh and Schuylkill small coal burning to much advantage every day. J. R.

nov 3—3t*

Wanted—For a Seminary,

IN which I see Work in all its varieties, will be taught, a pleasant and convenient Room. Situation between Third and Fifth, and Race and Vine streets. A line addressed to A. B. left at this office, will be attended to.

nov 3—tf

THEATRE.
WALNUT STREET.
Positively the Last Night but two of the Season.
The Public are most respectfully informed that
MR. HAMBLIN
AND
MRS. WOOD
Have kindly volunteered their services
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
Mr. Cowell.
MR. COOPER,
Prompted by the same liberal feeling, has (notwithstanding his having already taken leave of the Philadelphia Audience) at the solicitation of Mr. Cowell, consented to give his powerful aid.
THIS EVENING, November 3,
Will be presented, Otway's Tragedy of
Venice Preserved.
The part of Pierre by Mr. COOPER.
The part of Jaffier by Mr. HAMBLIN.
The part of Belvidera by Mrs. WOOD.
End of the play a Comic Song, called
A Picture of a Play House,
BY MR. COWELL.
The Minuet De La Cour,
(By Desire,) By Mr. & Miss Wemyss.
To conclude with the Farce of the
YOUNG WIDOW.
Mandeville, ... Mr. Scott.
Splash, ... Mr. Cowell.
Lucy, ... Mrs Rogers.
Aurelia, ... Miss Stanard.

THEATRE.
CHESNUT STREET.
Monday Evening, November 5,
Will be presented, Coleman's Operatic Opera, in 3 acts, called the
MOUNTAINEERS.
Octavian, (his 3d appearance,) Mr. Southwell.
Saidi, (his 4th appearance,) Mr. Mercer.
Florantha, ... Mrs. Darlington.
After which, a Comic Piece, called
HOW TO DIE FOR LOVE.

COTILLION PARTY.
MR. LABBE has the honor to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that his first Cotillion Party will be given on the second Saturday of November, the 10th instant. Those who have already subscribed, are respectfully informed, that the tickets are now ready for delivery; and those who may wish to subscribe are particularly requested to call at the Washington Hall, south Third street, where a subscription book is opened for subscribers.
N. B. Mr. Labbe, at the request of a number of gentlemen, intends to give a Quarterly Party as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, subscriptions for which will be received as above.
nov 3—3t

Writing Academy.
JUST opened for Ladies and Gentlemen, where Penmanship is taught in all its varieties; both the round and running hands, in a bold, free, and quick hand; also lessons will be given at their houses. They shall be taught a beautiful hand writing in 12 lessons, with good attention, and very often in six. These lessons will show the great utility of this system over all other systems ever taught.
N. B. *BOOK KEEPING*, by double and single entry.
R. MEGOWAN,
No. 206 Race st. opposite to Franklin Square.
nov 3—3t

TO LET.
A excellent stand for a Drug and Apothecary store, No. 473 south Front street, lately occupied for that business; it would answer well as a Dry Good and Grocery store. Inquire of JAMES M. MOORE,
nov 3—tf 168 Swanson street.

Robertson & Little's Office,
No. 120, Chesnut Street.
REMEMBER, that the Union Canal Lottery, 8th Class, draws in this city on the 14th of November, when prizes amounting to $102,660, will reward the enterprising. Tickets and shares of the Managers' signing for sale on reasonable terms. The patrons of this office have already reaped an abundant harvest; many of $20,000! 10,000, 5,000, 4,000; besides 1,000 and 500 prizes in abundance. Remember,
ROBERTSON & LITTLE'S
No 120 Chesnut st. 3 doors above the Post Office, same side. nov 3—tf

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Spring's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ENIGMAS.

My first's always to be found amongst the least,
In hell with my comrades I generally feast;
With the lonely I always am found to abound,
And with the bold sailor I sail the world round.

My second is found in the "house" of a friend,
With one I do begin, and with two I do end;
With Shakspeare's fairy god* I'm found first,
And I drink with the soldier, when he quenches his thirst.

My third with the virtuous is quite often seen,
And with vice, and the vicious, I also have been;
With fire vulture I soar into regions above,
And descend with the nibl and the elegant dove.

My fourth's in the ocean and also in earth,
With gipsies I'm oft seen to mingle my mirth;
With a few be it now known, I always do rest,
Such as wicked, and better, and best of the best.

My whole I may say is a delicate thing,
And oft ends in the exchanging of a ring;
Then, O Ladies fair, and gentlemen kind,
From the above please my whole to find.

*Oberon. ROLAND.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

We know not where the following story came from, but as it gives a droll picture of a methodical and persevering Dutchman, it may not prove uncertainteining. "Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables and looking round with the most stone like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke: 'I arrive,' said he, thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive.' The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, 'Did you speak to me Sir?' 'I speak,' replied the stranger, 'thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak.' 'How is this?' said the Englishman, 'do you mean to insult me?' The other replied, 'I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult.' 'This is too much,' said the Englishman, 'I will have satisfaction—if you have any spirit with your rudeness come along with me.' To this defiance the imperturable stranger replied, 'I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come'—and thereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In those days when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighbouring alley, and the Englishman unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, 'Now, Sir, you must fight me.' 'I fight,' replied the other, drawing his sword, 'thou fightest, he fights, we fight,'—here he made a thrust—'you fight, they fight;' and here he disarmed his adversary—'Well,' said the Englishman, 'you have the best of it and I hope you are satisfied.' 'I am satisfied,' said the original, sheathing his sword, 'thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied.'—'I am glad every body is satisfied,' said the Englishman, 'but pray do leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object if you have any, in doing so.' The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. 'I am a Dutchman,' said he, 'and am learning your language.—I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do; I dont like to have my pipe broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before.' The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them 'I will dine,' replied he, 'thou will dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together.' This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say who ther the Dutchman ate or conjugated with the most perseverance."

EATING SALADS.

A lad, who had lately gone to service, having liked salads served to dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied, "They made me vent grass i'th summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me yent hay i'th winter; and could not stand that, so I wur off."

BALANCE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The editor of a city paper six times declares he was "happy to learn" certain facts, and as often "sorry to understand" others, during the operation of preparing a single sheet. On the conclusion of his labors, his mind must have been resting in a temperate state of equilibrium.

TIM TROT AND BIDDY LOWE.

The art of punning is, like most other arts of the present day, taking vast strides towards perfection, and Mr. Hood has the honour of being the founder of a modern school, the productions of which throw all those of antiquity into the shade. The following ballad is not unworthy of their great prototype:—

One Sunday to the village church
The old and young were flowing;
The bells were ringing merrily,
And beaux with belles were going

And Mr. Trott was trotting there,
When Biddy Lowe, so smart,
Pass'd by, and tho' she only walk'd,
Her eyes ran through his heart.

Now Mr. Trott began to leer,
And throw his eyes about;
For ah! he felt a pang within,
He fain would be without.

As suitor I might suit her well,
And why should I not please?
For tho' I may have silver locks,
I've gold beneath my keys.

For o'er his head he'd sixty years,
And more, if truth be told,
And, for the first time, now he said
'Twas frightful to be old!

The service o'er, Tim went away,
And o'er the fields did roam;
Unto her cot—and found it out,
That Biddy was at home!

Tim made a bow, and made a leg,
And spoke with hesitation;
While Biddy frown'd upon his suit,
And smiled at his—relation!

But tho' so mournfully repulsed,
And all his vows proved vain,
As Tim had lost his heart, he wish'd
To prove his loss—again!

Miss Biddy met her anxious beau,
And met with cruel glee,
Tim Trot, tho' you're a little man
You mean too long for me!

Tim was confus'd and sadly sigh'd
He fluttered like a bat—
A piteous look he gave the maid,
But couldn't hide his grief.

I was a man of substance madam,
I'm now a shadow of,
I've sigh'd and sigh'd until I am
Like one beside myself!

Said she, and with a killing smile,
(Oh, most unkind return)
You know I cut you, aye, me long,
So now I'll cut you short!

Ah, make not of my size a laugh,
I would my limbs were stronger,
But tho' you never loved me, say
If you would love me longer?

But Biddy's heart was cold as ice,
Tim's tears were shed in vain;
And when she cried Go, ugly man,
He thought his beauty plain!

Said he, I go—farewell—farewell,
I weep—for I'm resign'd;
I feel my heart that beat before—
Is at my eye behind!

MOTION WITHOUT CAUSE.

A Springfield print is communicating to its readers the results of the labors of a machinist of Worcester Village who has been investigating the *perpetual motion of perpetual motion*, affirms that the machine he has invented, when it is put together "commences motion immediately, *without any starting cause.*"

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.—A horse ought to eat at least from sixteen to twenty quarts of oats per day, otherwise he will not, and cannot, perform a long journey. Clean fresh hay, and a little water, should be given as often as you stop.

Never trust to others when you are on a journey. It is essentially necessary that you personally see to the cleaning, watering, feeding, and littering of your horses, otherwise you will, in all probability, be under the necessity of hiring, or purchasing another, or abandoning your journey.

Should your horse lose his appetite, give him an ounce of nitre, in a bran mash, once or twice. This, with a little rest, will soon recover him.

Dean's New England Farmer says, "to fit a horse for a journey, he should not be suffered to grow too fat and grass. He should be kept in the stable rather than in the pasture, and fed mostly with provender; but rather sparingly if inclined to be fat. He should have exercise daily to harden his flesh, and keep him in the habit of travelling. He should be shod some days before he begins a journey, that the shoes may be well settled to his feet, and the nails a little rusted at the points, that they hold the faster. And the pads of the saddle should be well fitted to his back so as to fill the hollows, and bear equally on every part. And while he is on a journey, he should be stabled every night. It is very destructive to expose horses to the dampness and cold of the night, after severe exercise."

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. XXXVII.

Botanic Name } LYCHNIS DIOICA.
English Name } *Anomalous Pink.*
French Name } *Lychnide dioique.*

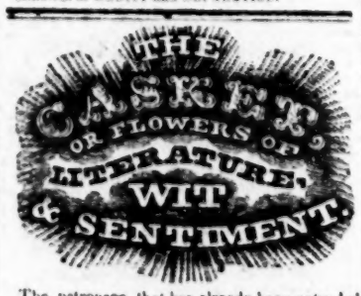
The Pinks are a beautiful tribe of plants, the ornaments of the gardens. The true Pinks belong to the genus *Dianthus*; they all form a naturally family called CARIOPHYLLEÆ, having always opposite leaves.

Lychnis is an ancient Greek name: this genus has been put by Linnæus in *Decandria*; but it offers many anomalies, and this species ought to belong to *Dioecia*, having staminate and pistillate flowers on separate individuals, as in the Willows and Poplars. The capsul has also a single cell instead of several, and therefore it has been proposed to make a peculiar genus of it.

It grows all over Europe, and is cultivated in gardens like other Pinks, and for its singularity. It blossoms in summer, and bears large white or red flowers. The red variety is scentless, has pubescent leaves, and is supposed to be a peculiar species by some Botanists. The white variety is smooth, and although scentless in the day time, becomes fragrant in the night, as in many species of the genus *Œnothera*.

Stem from 2 to 3 feet high, forked or dichotomous; leaves ensile, oblong, acute, remote; flowers terminal, with an oblong calix, 5 petals, like the pinks, with a claw and abifel or obcordate limbes, forming by their union a kind of a star. Stamina 10 in the staminate flowers, central. One pistil with 5 styles in the pistillate flowers.

Emblem of ODDITY and SEPARATION.



The patronage that has already been extended to the Casket, has not only exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but, if we mistake not, is unprecedented in the annals of monthly literature—This success has induced us to intend to give the work a more attractive form for the ensuing year, as well in its literary departments, as in its decorations and typographical arrangements. A new font of type has been procured, upon which it is to be printed; the size and number of the pages will be considerably extended and enlarged; and paper superior to that now used, will be employed in its publication; meantime, that every department may exhibit a corresponding degree of improvement, arrangements have been entered into with artists for various decorations and ornaments. The usual number of copper-plates will be found, and it is proposed to furnish each number with *two* wood engravings, instead of one, as now published. The wood engravings representing scenes, or referring to incidents familiar or interesting to most of our readers, will be accompanied by well written descriptions of events and exhibitions connected with the picture—each reflecting upon the other's interest and value.

It is our intention to render the Casket interesting to the various classes of readers to whom periodical literature generally addresses itself; we shall then feel called upon to search, with renewed attention and assiduity, for the most interesting contents of foreign magazines, while a proper inducement will be held out for native writers to contribute a portion of their labours to enrich our Casket.

These regulations can be effected without any sacrifice of that light reading, and general magazine of small paragraphs, that must enter into all literary works; inasmuch as the size of the work will be very considerably enhanced—its contents, therefore, may assume a more diversified form, and boast an increase of solid matter.

The price of the Casket will be $3 50 per annum, payable within three months after the receipt of the 1st number—but, if the subscription is paid in advance, $2 50 will be received as payment in full.

The arrangements that we have made for the publication of the Casket, warrant us in assuring its patrons, that it shall equal, in attraction, any work of the kind that has been published; while its price is scarcely half that of the most ordinary monthly publications.

The Patrons of the Casket, who intend to continue the work after the present year, will please to intimate their wishes by sending us the subscription in *advance*—the increasing expenses of the paper, printing, engravings, &c. render it absolutely necessary for us to be furnished with the means of meeting expenditures promptly.

ATKINSON & ALEXANDER,
Philadelphia.

It may be well to state, that the "Casket for 1847," will form a distinct volume, at $2 50 per annum; and, on its completion, contain thirty-six splendid engravings, with nearly 300 pages of letter-press printing, constituting one of the *cheapest* publications in the United States. A few of the numbers can be supplied to future subscribers.

Those Editors who have already politely favoured us with a notice of the work, will enhance the obligation, and entitle themselves to another copy of it by giving the a few insertions.

PULMEL,

A Specific Remedy to Cure and Prevent the

CONSUMPTION.

THIS valuable new remedy has lately been discovered by a gentleman of great Medical, Botanical and Chemical knowledge, in Philadelphia. It has been found effectual in curing this formidable disease, by removing gradually all the symptoms, and also in preventing the formation of the disease in those liable to it.

The PULMEL is a kind of artificial honey or sugar, formed by the chemical combinations of several powerful vegetable substances, acting on the lungs and the whole system; it contains neither mercury, arsenic, prussiate, nor any other poisonous substance. The smell and taste is sweet, balmyic and pleasant; it may be used in any way, and even in large doses without injury; but the best way to take it inwardly, is largely diluted in milk, chocolate, arrowroot, or lethen. A spoonful may be put in instead of sugar, either before or after boiling these articles, and from two to six doses may be taken daily. The effects on the system will be a renewal of strength, healthy expectoration, absence of cough, the removal of hectic fever, and a healing of the affected lungs, after the vapour is inhaled.

To prevent the attack of the lungs in those predisposed, constant use must be made of it in milk or chocolate, like common sugar, morning and evening.

When the dry sugar afforded the PULMEL must be breathed or inhaled very often, in any convenient way; either by boiling a spoonful of it slowly under the nostrils and open mouth, or throwing it on coals and inhaling the smoke; or dissolving it in ether and breathing the vapour of the solution.

The careful diet must be adhered to, while using the PULMEL, which is commonly prescribed to consumptive patients. No calomel nor poisons must be taken at the same time; cold and exposure must be avoided; chalybeates, the milk diet, the lichen, exercise, (and blisters in some cases,) will be useful auxiliaries; bleeding and the digitalis may be prescribed sparingly when inflammation, plethora or hemoptysis appear; and sulphuric acid for the night sweats.

From 5 to 20 pounds of PULMEL will effect a radical cure, according to the state of the patient, and the stage of the disease; in the worst state the ulcers or tubercles will be healed by a cicatrization. Thus a great majority of the cases will terminate happily, and at least 70 out of 100 patients can be saved; thus a desideratum long sought for in vain.

The PULMEL sells for $2 the pound by the Agents appointed to retail it, and $1 40 by wholesale.—As the manufacture is tedious, orders for it must be sent beforehand to the Editors of the Saturday Evening Post, and the demand will be supplied within one month. All that was made is already sold or engaged.

oct 6—tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by DAVID CLARK, No. 118 *North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,*

DR. WATT'S

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED by Dr. RIPPON, with Dr. Rippon's Selection, in one volume, with two handsome engravings; printed on very fine paper, from New Stereotype Plates, and strongly bound, at $1. per copy. To Booksellers and others who purchase larger quantities, a liberal discount will be made. May 11, 1847—tf

Mr. Milford's Anodyne Drops,

FOR the instantaneous cure of the Tooth-Ache. 50 cents. LOTION, for Scorbutic gums, and fastening Loose Teeth, 50 cents. Powder, for the preservation of teeth, 25 cents. Sold at the N. W. corner of Locust and 8th sts. N. W. corner of Pine and 6th sts. and 838 South 2d street. sept 29—tf

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

LOST—On Thursday the 18th inst. a Brown Pointer Slut speckled on the breast and legs, and answers to the name of Dash. The above reward will be paid to any person leaving the dog at 91 south 3d street. oct 27—3t*

CANARY, MOCKING & RED BIRDS.

A LARGE collection of Canary, Mocking and red BIRDS for sale at No. 173 Cherry st. the first house above 6th st. feb 4—1y

THE FEMALE'S SPECIFIC.

IT HAS NEVER FAILED.

TO HIS Medicine, the never failing powers of which can be proved by reference to ladies of the greatest respectability in this city. Can always be had at No. 160 PINE STREET, where application can be made *either by letter*, or personally. march 10—6m

TOBACCONISTS—*Look Here!!*

IS offered at private sale, that old established TOBACCO MANUFACTURING Establishment, by the subscriber, who wishes to discontinue business, together with all his tools; every part of the property is in good order, situate in the village of New Egypt, 10 miles east of Bordentown. Information may be obtained of Tunis & Morris. WM. W. FOULKS.
Oct 27—5t*

Recollect Adventurers, Money in the MARKET!!

ON the 14th next month, will be distributed from the handsome 24th Union Canal Lottery, a vast deal of money in lots, comprising the handsome sums of $10,000, 2,500 1,800, 1160, &c. a choice of cheap tickets for sale at CONINE'S

Truly fortunate Office, No. 3, south 3d street.

☞ *PAY ATTENTION!*—The place where wealth has been, and continues to be distributed, is at No. 3, south 3d street, where but few in vain seek for prizes.

☞ The drawing of the 17th Monument Lottery, which draws this day week, will be received on next Tuesday week. Oct 27—tf

THE MEMBERS OF THE

SAN SOUCI CLUB,

WILL assemble, during the season, every Monday and Saturday evening, at precisely one hour after sunset, at the Hall, corner of Gaskill and 4th streets.
Oct 27—tf L. W. RYCKMAN.

LIST OF LOTTERIES,

Soon to be Drawn.

WASHINGTON City Consolidated, Capital $30,000—On Wednesday next, 31st inst.

New York Consolidated, Class No. 9, Capital prize $50,000, Nov. 7th (only a few tickets.)

Delaware and North Carolina Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 1, Capital $15,000, 10th Nov.

Union Canal, Class No. 34, Capital $10,000, on the 14th Nov.

For information respecting the above Lotteries, please call at B. DAVIS & CO'S Office, 34 North Third st. opposite Hinkel's Hotel. Oct 27—3t

NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of JEWELL, & WILSON, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. J. B. Jewell is authorized to settle the accounts of the concern. *JOHN B. JEWELL,*
Oct 27—2t *JAMES WILSON.*

JOHN B. JEWELL,

House & Sign Painter, & Glazier,
No. 72, Chesnut St.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general that he still continues the business at the old stand, where all orders will be thankfully received and duly appreciated.

N. B. One or two apprentices wanted to the above business. Oct. 27—6t

HARDWARE STORE.

LESLEY & MEREDITH, No 241 *Market, above 6th street, have just opened a complete Assortment of*

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

CONSISTING of Locks, Latches, and Hinges, of all kinds; Screws, Pullies, Nails, Brass ware, Edge tools, Planes, Files, Andirons, shovel and tongs, spaders and shovels, knives and forks tatoos, scissors, pen and pocket knives, spoons, hollow ware, &c. &c. &c. which they will sell, Wholesale or Retail, at very reduced prices. oct 27—6m.

Money to Loan on Mortgage.

A NUMBER of sums of money of large and small amounts, to Loan on Mortgage, on Real Estate, in the city and county of Philadelphia. Apply to
CHARLES P. LISLE,
At his Office No. 8 south Fifth street.
aug 11—tf

$10 REWARD.

STRAYED or stolen, on the evening of the 7th inst. a BAY MARE, 4 years old, about 14 hands high, one hind foot white, a number of whip marks on the right side, and well broke to saddle and harness. The above reward and reasonable charges will be given, if returned to the subscriber, in Abington township, Montgomery co. near the Fox Chase.
oct 26—3t* JONATHAN MAGARGAL.

89, CHESNUT STREET.

THE following are the drawn numbers of the Union Canal Lottery, 3d Class, drawn in this city on Wednesday, 21, 28, 21, 5, 23, 9, 33, 43.
Combination 9, 21, 23, and 9, 43, 33—two of the Capitals were sold, as usual, at LEVY'S,
89 Chesnut, 2d door below Third street.
Where most of unearned money is always taken at par for tickets, or bought at a low rate. Orders from the country will meet with promptness and dispatch. Gold bought and sold. oct 13—tf

The Clothiers' Ready Reckoner.

JUST Published and for Sale, by Kimber & Sharpless, No. 63 Market street, *The Clothiers' Ready Reckoner*; or, *Scale Table*; showing at one view what quantity of yarn in weaves any web will take, from ten stringes to thirty in length, and from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-six portions in breadth. Accurately calculated for the standard scane and string, with directions how to use them. By T. Nicholson, of Otley, Great Britain.
10.. 6 6th—4t

NOTICE TO EVAN DAVID.

WHEREAS JOSHUA DAVID of Newcastle, Del. deceased, deemed by his last Will and Testament a share of his property to his brother Evan David in case he should be living, this is to give notice to the said Evan David, to come forward and claim his share of the said property.

Published pursuant to the last Will and Testament of Joshua David. ELISHA DAVID,
June 15—1y* Newcastle county, Del.

Straw Bonnet Manufactory.

MRS. E. HENLEY,

No. 4, North Second Street,

CONTINUES to Manufacture Straw and Gymp Cottage Bonnets, of fashionable patterns. She has on hand English straw hats of the newest fashion, American straw and gymp cottage bonnets, Leghorn flats and crowns, do. Bolivar hats, men's and boy's Leghorn, Senegrass and Manilla hats, pink, blue, white and black cottons, do. do. mantua, gauze, garniture and other fancy ribbons, plain satin and taffety do. piping cords, and a great variety of Millinary trimmings, straw plaits and chain gymp, by the single yard or larger quantity.

N. B. Country Merchants and Milliners supplied on liberal terms.

ALSO—A variety of Ladies' Cloaks, Boy's and Miss's do. Also, Circassian, Tartan, and Camblet plaids, at very reduced prices. sept 13—9t

"All's well that ends well."

"'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;"
"But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true."

WEDNESDAY the Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery, 34th Class, took place, which gave to the patronage the City Officers, a number of splendid prizes. Numbers drawn from the wheel:

51 25 21 5 23 9 33 43.

Holders of prizes are requested to call and receive their cash, at either of the City Offices, N. E. Corner of Chesnut and Fourth street, and 49 South Third street.
oct 13—1t JOHN DOLBY.

REMEDY FOR HUNGER!

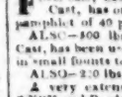
"I'M hungry"—said poor Jack one day;
"I'm gone about the ribs."
"Oh! then," said I, "without delay,
Go in and dine with "GIBBS."

For hungry folks, there's naught like gold,
All else is farce and squibs;
So ere the prizes all are sold,
Steer right away for "GIBBS."

Let others boast of all their store,
Their cellars and their cribs;
For heaps of gold, just ope the door
That leads to lucky GIBBS."

Then set your canvass to the gale,
Your topsails and your jibs,
And steering straight, you'll never fail,
To reach the port of "GIBBS."
oct 13—tf

LEWIS TEESE,



FASHIONABLE HAT MANUFACTURER, No. 55 South Third st. below Chesnut street, where hats of any description may be obtained by Wholesale and Retail, which, for beauty and durability, and excellence of materials, are equal to any in the city. Fine Beaver, Castor and Roram Hats; also, Imitation Beaver, which he offers for sale at very low prices. Country Merchants will find it their interest to call, as the subscriber flatters himself he will give general satisfaction.

An elegant assortment of short nap beaver hats; gentlemen that are in the habit of wearing short nap hats are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—Hats of any shape or quality made to order, at the shortest notice. June 9—6m

GEORGE W. FARR,

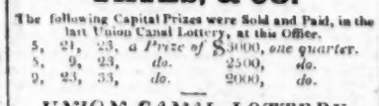
WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,

No. 204 MARKET STREET,

Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, citron, claret, bronze, green, brown, mixed, and a variety of fancy colored Cloths and Cassimeres; Hirsts, Lewis, Rick & Henry manufacture. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barratheas, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Tollemett, Valencia, figured and plain Cravats, plain and ruffled linen and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical Students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.

N. B. One years credit will be given to all regular dealers, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—1y



Venetian Blind Manufactory.

HOOK & STOCKTON,

No. 125 *Arch Street.*

HAVE constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Venetian Blinds, of superb Manufacture, the most elegant colours and warranted to stand, which they offer as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

N. B. We continue to supply Upholsterers at the lowest wholesale prices. oct 13—3m

TO PRINTERS.

FOR sale, bout 180 lbs. PICA GREEK, Ronaldson's Cast, has only been used to print 500 copies of a pamphlet of 40 pages—price very low.

ALSO—500 lbs. PEARL TYPE, mostly Ronaldson's Cast, has been used only in Stereotyping—will be put up in small founts to suit purchasers—very low.

ALSO—200 lbs. LONG PRIMER, White's No. 3.

A very extensive and beautiful assortment of JOB TYPE and Borders of all descriptions, &c.

An assortment of Mather's PRINTING INK.

Apply at J. HOWE'S
Stereotype Foundry and Printer's Warehouse, corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.

Applications by mail must be post paid.
march 17—tf

STUMPS.

THE Teeth the advertiser furnishes are handsome and strong, keep their color, hold their pivots well are the cheapest, nearest to human, and the best calculated for fixing in the mouth upon Stumps, of any yet discovered.

Fixing teeth upon Stumps is the firmest way known, scarcely ever gives pain—never injures the adjoining teeth, and is the way nearest to nature.

Office No. 173 Vine street, above 8th street.
B. WILLIAMS, Dentist.

N. B. Persons in moderate circumstances need not be deterred from visiting the advertiser on that account.
Oct. 6—3m

YATES, & CO.

The following Capital Prizes were Sold and Paid, in the last Union Canal Lottery, at this Office.

5, 21, 23, *a Prize of* $3000, *one quarter.*
5, 9, 23, *do.* 2500, *do.*
9, 23, 33, *do.* 2000, *do.*

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.

THIRTY-FOURTH CLASS—NEW SERIES,
To be drawn on the 14*th Nov.*

Which contains a number of Capitals, among which are the following, viz.

1 prize of	$10,000	DOLLARS,
1	2,500	DOLLARS,
1	1,800	DOLLARS,
1	1,160	DOLLARS,
2	1,000	DOLLARS,

Ten dest others, amounting to nearly 100,000 Dollars.

Whole Tickets, . . $4 00 | Quarters, . . . $1 00
Halves, ... 2 00 | Eighths, ... 50

Tickets and Shares for sale by YATES, & CO.
No. 137 Chesnut Street.

The following Prizes have all been sold and paid at this Office within a few weeks, viz:—

28, 45, 60, $10,000—14, 8, 38, 10,000—15, 9, 8, 10,000—14, 29, 40, 5,737—7, 8, 14, 5,000—20, 28, 34, 3,000—10, 11, 41, 2,500—21, 39, 41, 2,000—2, 24, 14, 1,500.

Together with 38 of $1,000, 63 of 500, &c. &c.

☞ Orders from the country promptly attended to. All Lottery and exchange information given gratis.
Oct 27—tf

BARTLESON & HARMER,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET.

HAVE on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN VENITIAN BLINDS, which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable well made BIRDS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb. 3—tf

"Tales for Leisure Hours,"

COMPRISING twelve serieces in a volume of 162 pages, neatly bound in boards, price 50 cents, or 75 cents extra binding, may be had of CAREY, LEA and CAREY, S. E corner of Chesnut and Fourth; JUDAH DOBSON, No. 108 Chesnut street and at this Office.

TO RENT.

A LARGE ROOM, in a central part of the city, near the Post Office, suitable for a Seminary, or Mechanical business. Rent low. Enquire at this Office. oct 30—tf

FOR SALE.

A SECOND hand FIRE ENGINE in complete order, 7 1-2 in. Chambers, plays from 170 to 180 feet, will be disposed of low, by making application to either of the Committee:

JOHN SINGLE, Sen. 203 Race street.
HENRY CRESSMAN, 139 North 8th street,
or to CHALKLEY BAKER, 204 Race street.
oct 20—1m

FORTUNE'S HOME,

P. CANFIELD'S

No. 129 CHESNUT STREET.

HAS the pleasure of presenting to his friends and the public the following beautiful scheme of the Union Canal Lottery, 34th Class, which draws on the 14th day of November next:

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$10,000	50 prizes of	$100
1	do.	2,500	51	do.	70
1	do.	1,800	51	do.	60
1	do.	1,160	51	do.	50
2	do.	1,000	51	do.	40
3	do.	600	102	do.	10
4	do.	400	1530	do.	8
10	do.	300	11473	do.	4
10	do.	200			

Tickets $4, shares in proportion. Orders from a distance (enclosing the cash or prize tickets) will be promptly attended to, if addressed to P. CANFIELD,
oct 20—tf No. 129, Chesnut street.

DANCING SCHOOL,

At the Masonic Hall, Chesnut Street.

A. BONNAFFON most respectfully informs his friends and patrons, that his dancing school commenced on Monday, the 18th of October, and will continue during the season, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 3 o'clock P. M. for Young Ladies, at 7 for Young Gentlemen, and at 7 for Gentlemen. Cotillion Parties every other Friday during the season, to which scholars will have the privilege of attending without any extra charge. The Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge have very liberally contributed in connection with A. B. to make these apartments the most splendid and desirable of any in this city, either for assemblies, concerts, dinners, or any other entertainments, and for which the above apartments will be rented, when unoccupied by A. B. A subscription book for the Cotillion parties is now opened at the Hall, where application to A. B. can be made at any time.

F. Johnson and Band are engaged for the Cotillion parties, and every other occasion during the season. The other three days of the week will be devoted for private tuition, and to such of those Seminaries as may think proper to patronize him. oct 20—tf

To Country Merchants and Others.

JOHN BEMENT & CO.

No. 5, north Third Street.

(Successors to the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman.)

RESPECTFULLY inform the Customers of the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman, as well as the public in general, that they have now on hand, a large and general assortment of Tortoise Shell, Tuck, Neck, and Side Combs, 2,000, dozen imitation Tuck, do. various sizes. Also, Ivory, Crescent, Dressing, Ridding, Side, Neck, Long, and Pocket Combs, of various sizes and qualities, which they offer for sale, at the above mentioned establishment—at wholesale only—for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants and others are requested to call and examine the assortment.

All orders attended to with despatch.

N. B. Cash and the highest price given for Country and Spanish Horns. sept 23—3m

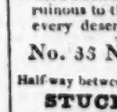
HALF-PRICE MUSIC STORE

BOURNE'S, 349 Broadway, New York, where the following pieces of music are for sale at *half the usual prices.* Whether it is, or is not, quite as good as that at *double* the price, is left for those to say, who will favour us with an examination of it, and who are *willing* at the same time, to consult the interest of their purses.

List.—Dashing White Sergeant, 12 1-2; The Bird Waltz, 12 1-2; Love was once a little boy, 12 1-2; A Highland laddie heard of war, and Mad. De Nouville's waltz, 12 1-2; Kate Kearney, 12 1-2; Wha'll be king but Charlie, 12 1-2; Smile again my bonny lassie, 12 1-2; Arab's Daughter, 12 1-2; Buy a Broom, 25; The light guitar, 12 1-2; Circassian Tondo, 12 3-4; Grand march in Tancred, 12 1-2; George 4th's waltz, 6 1-4; March in Pizarro, 6 1-4; Mozart's waltz, 6 1-4; Overture to H. Barbiere de Siviglia, 25; Let us seek the yellow shore 25; Hey Johnny Cope, 6 1-4; March in the Lady of the Lake, 6 1-4; Russian march, 6 1-4; Stimulus, a waltz, 6 1-4; I've been roaming, 12 3-4; Here we meet too soon to part, 12 1-2; 'Tis the last rose of summer, 12 1-2; Country dances, 12 1-2; Awake the morning's beam love, 12 1-2; Cavalry march, 12 1-2, Huntsman's chorus, 12 1-2; Come rest in this bosom, 12 1-2; Comin' thro' the Rye, 12 1-2; My heart and Lute, 12 1-2; Follow follow thro' the Sea, 25; My sin kind dearie, 12 1-2, &c. &c. *Flute Music.*—Several pieces on hand, to which additions are making.

☞ Additions are making to the above each week and all the fashionable Songs, Marches, Airs, &c. will be published with despatch. July 7 1m

FOR TRENTON.



THE Steam Boat PENNSYLVANIA, Capt. Z. W. Kellum, leaves Arch street wharf every morning at 6 o'clock, A. M. for Bristol, where coaches will be in readiness to convey passengers to Trenton, and return in time for the boat the same day. Fare up or down, 75 cents.

N. B For seats apply at the Office No. 6 Arch street, or of the Captain on board the boat. For seats in Trenton apply at David Green's inn, or Joseph W. Vancleve's inn, Trent n. JOHN STEVENS,
Philada. Oct 20—tf Proprietor Bristol, Pa.

TO HOUSE KEEPERS.

AS the females in all families are particularly interested in keeping furniture in the neatest manner, I take the liberty to recommend to their particular notice an article under the name of FURNITURE PASTE, which, when applied according to the directions accompanying the Box, will with little labour give the furniture a polish and gloss, equal in lustre to plate gloss. Price 25 cents per Box, it is nearly as cheap as common wax.

ALSO, Black Varnish, of a superior quality, for Varnishing coal grates, ash pans, fenders, backs and jams.—This Varnish has a beautiful gloss, and will stand a great heat. (Price 25 cents per bottle.) For sale by
PETER LEHMAN,
march 3—tf Druggist, No. 330 Market street.

WILLIAM H. MOORE,

UNDERTAKER.

No. 102 1-2 *Arch street, between Fifth and Sixth street, (South side.)*

A GENERAL assortment of Coffins, of various sizes and patterns, plain and ornamented, always on hand. Also, stuff of every description ready prepared, which, at the shortest notice, can be made to order. The whole business of Funerals will be attended to if desired, on very moderate terms, such as furnishing Hearse, Carriages, Shrouds, Scarfs, Crape, Iee Boxes, &c.

N. B. Attendance at all hours.—*Circumstances taken into consideration.* May 19—6m

STUCKERT'S DRUG STORE,

Where Medical advice will be given for a disease ruinous to the constitution. Also, for diseases of every description.

No. 33 N. FOURTH STREET,

Half way between Cherry and Race streets, (east side

STUCKERT'S PANACEA.

AFTER sickness or diseases of every kind, in children or grown persons, this Panacea will create a new and healthy action in the system. The most respectable certificates can be produced as to its efficacy in destroying all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, morbid action in the system, constitutional syphilis, mercurial diseases, scrofula, fever complaint, sore throat, King's evil, ulcers, tumors, pimples or eruption on the face, rheumatism, tetter, and general debility. It is an excellent medicine for exciting an appetite; also for relaxations of the stomach, and decays of the constitution.—Price 75 cents per porter bottle.

Stuckert's Anti-bilious Pills for foul stomach, headache, costiveness, and bilious habits.—Small box 6 cents, large 25.

Stuckert's Ague and Fever Drops.—Small bottles 12 1-2 large do. 25.

Stuckert's Pearl Powder, for destroying pimples on the face, and whitening the skin.—Small papers 6 cents, large do. 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Scorbutic Tooth Powder, for preserving and whitening the teeth.—Small boxes 6 cents, large do 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Head-ache Powders, for Head ache, Heartburn, and Acidity or Sourness of the Stomach.

Stuckert's Tooth-Ache Drops—12 1-2 cents per bottle.
oct 13—tf

SADDLERY, HARNESS,

AND COACH FURNITURE.

H. & F. A. HUBER, offer for Sale, at No. 40 North and general assortment of imported and American articles, used by Saddlers, Harness, and Coach Makers, at the lowest prices for cash or acceptances—consisting of all the varieties of plated, brass, tinned, japanned steel, iron, wood, woollen, cotton, and linen furniture, together with a constant supply of hog skins. June 13—tf.

To Teachers and Booksellers.

THE third edition of Waterman's Practical Grammar, for the use of schools, with improvements, is now completed, and ready for sale, whole and half bound, at the *Tea and Rotionary* store, No. 81 south Fifth street Philadelphia; or at Tower & Hogan's, No. 253, Market street.

N. B. A liberal discount will be allowed to those who purchase by the dozen or hundred. oct 30—3t

DR. JOHN I. MAYWEG

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity, and respectfully begs leave to inform them that he may at all times be consulted at his office, No. 92, south side of Callowhill, between Front and Second streets, Northern Liberties. Having for upwards of fifteen years devoted himself to the Natural History and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania, and having during that time attended at the hospital of Pennsylvania, as the student, Dr. Mayweg trusts the public will not consider it presumptuous to state, that he has been regularly bred to the medical profession. Can be consulted in the morning till half past 9, in the afternoon from 1 to 3, and during the evening.

He also informs the public that after many years study and research, he has succeeded in discovering the following infallible remedies; extracted from and composed of vegetables for the cure of diseases, the first of which has heretofore baffled all the arts of regular practice, to administer an antidote to its dreadful effects.

Induced by repeated solicitations of many of those who have been relieved, and from motives of humanity, Dr. Mayweg thinks proper to adopt this mode of circ